

**INSIDE: A PENSION FUND MYSTERY AT BELL**

# Maclean's

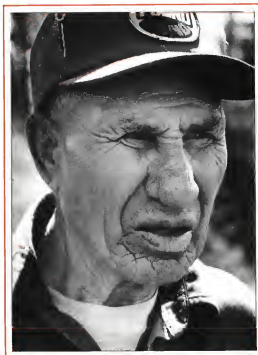
JULY 14, 1986

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

\$1.75

**SPECIAL REPORT**

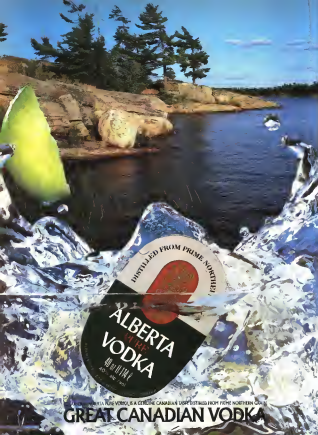
## A CANADIAN TRAGEDY



**Six young Indians drank deadly copying fluid at a party—and died. Three of the young people were George Netawastenum's children. That tragedy was a brutal reminder of the plight of Indian people across the land. And it added urgency to the quest for solutions to a national crisis.**

George Netawastenum, Peerless Lake, Alta.

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# Maclean's

JULY 14, 1998 VOL. 30 NO. 28



## A CANADIAN TRAGEDY

The fatal party in Peerless Lake took place on March 10 in an unpainted frame shack owned by Elian Netawatenum. There, she and about a dozen other young Indians drank dispiriting-machine fluid from a jug labelled "Poison," and soon six of them were dead. The incident underlined the shocking conditions in which so many of Canada's 500,000 Indians and Métis live amid alcoholism, unemployment, violence, despair and suicide. Peerless Lake is a representative island of misery and a symbol for all such communities across the Canadian wilderness from Labrador to the Pacific. The people and their problems—and their proposed solutions—are examined in a special 16-page report for which Maclean's staff members visited Indian communities from British Columbia to Newfoundland.



### A pension fund mystery

Accountants are investigating a number of apparently unconventional property investments involving two of Bell Canada Enterprises Inc.'s pension funds — **Page 20**

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### Mulroney shuffles the deck

With a sweeping cabinet shakeup and a Senate appointment, the troubled Mulroney government last week put in place the key players for the next election — **Page 6**



## Art and naïveté

About all one can say about your article "America takes the Reels to the movies" (Pulse, June 22) is that Maclean's has taken its readers to the classes by publishing this bit of biased, foolish reporting. The idea that the two super-powers are somehow morally equivalent is currently popular. Still, even a film reviewer should be able to see the absurdity of it. The difference between the Soviet Union and the United States is as obvious as the contrast between tyranny and freedom, dictatorship and democracy. Unlike Maclean's, I try not to make judgments based on a minimum of knowledge, so I cannot say whether you are correct or not in treating the scenario of the mini-series *America* "unlikably." I do know that the Soviets have invaded and occupied enough countries since the end of the Second World War to make the notion not altogether incredible.

—DAVID STOKES  
Tillsonburg, Ont.

With regard to the pretense over the mini-series *America*, I am constantly amazed by the naïve ignorance concerning the aims and methods of the Soviet Union that Western intellectual and cultural "leaders" so frequently display. You'd think these people had never heard of the Gulag! Creative artists should be especially concerned to preserve and protect our precious freedoms of thought and expression, freedoms that, unfortunately, are routinely trampled by the Soviet regime. Sadly, it seems that Canadian actors and directors are more interested in appeasing



American director Donald Wrye credits

the Soviet divisions and obscuring their purposes. —W.J. SCOTT CUMBERBURN, Vancouver

## Correcting an implication

I read with interest the article "Why the bees stole" (Cover/Business, June 26), and was somewhat perturbed about the reference to Joseph Shasab. The implication in the article is that Shasab is still employed as a vice-president of Shopper's Drug Mart. In fact, Shasab was dismissed in 1984 immediately after serious financial discrepancies were uncovered during the course of an internal investigation of his department. Any implication that Shasab is still in our employ is misleading, and I would appreciate it if that implication were corrected.

—DAVID H. SLOOM,  
Chairman, President and  
Chief Executive Officer,  
Shopper's Drug Mart,  
Windsorville, Ont.

## Pride in a pavilion

In your cover package on Expo 86 ("A welcome mat from Canada," June 16), the article "A panorama of pleasure" included a review of the Expo Roundhouse, which was mistakenly identified as the Canadian Pavilion. Expo 86 Pavilion Canada, an official petroleum supplier to Expo 86, is proud to be the sponsor of this Expo theme pavilion. We are delighted that it has been so well received by Maclean's. I trust that you will print this correction so that the millions of Maclean's readers who head toward the Expo Roundhouse while visiting Expo—JENNIFER ORLAND WYMER, Manager, Expo 86, Expo Petroleum Canada, Toronto

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, Maclean-Blenheim Bldg., 777 Hwy 6E, Toronto, Ont. M6W 1A7.

## PASSAGES

**DEED:** Singer and soapbustier Rudy Vallee, 84, whose mellow baritone and poignant delivery with a trademark newspaper-delivered cadence made him one of the century's most popular entertainers, after a history of throat cancer and a stroke suffered last February, in Los Angeles. Vallee, whose hits included "I'm Just a Squash Blossom Lover" and the "Big Boy" song, starred in film and on Broadway and is credited with being the first of the so-called crooners, whose ranks later included Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Elvis Presley.

**APPOINTED:** Seventy distinguished Canadians to the 18-year-old Order of Canada, the country's highest distinction, which is awarded by the Governor General and conferred in recognition of outstanding achievement in all major fields of endeavor. Among those honored author, journalist and broadcaster Pierre Berton, former Liberal cabinet minister and Speaker of the Senate Jean Marchand, businessman Basil Wright, journalist and broadcaster Peter Gzowski, Canadian ambassador to Morocco Edmund Butler, syndicated cartoonist Ben Wicks, architect Moshe Safdie, novelist Jay Ross, and Bank of Montreal president Grant Hughes.

**DEED:** Republican John East, 55, for five years a justice senator for North Carolina, of asphyxiation from breathing carbon monoxide fumes in an incident that was ruled a suicide, at his home in Greenville, N.C. East was found dead on the floor of the garage, which was sealed and full of fumes from a station wagon inside.

**INURED:** Rhythm-and-blues singer Teddy Pendergrass, 36, when a specially equipped van he was driving crashed into a telephone pole, in Philadelphia. Pendergrass, whose hits include *Close to You* (1976), was listed in critical but stable condition with a damaged liver. He was paralyzed from the waist down in 1982 when his Rolls-Royce struck a concrete barrier and two trees.

**APPOINTED:** Educator Benoit Lussière, 45, who most recently was employed by the Quebec Treasury Board as special consultant and negotiator, as publisher of the influential Montreal daily newspaper *Le Devoir*, effective Aug. 14.

**INDUCTED:** Quebec poet, singer and composer Gilles Vigneault, 54, whose best-known songs, *Monsièr* and *Gens de Paris*, symbolized the independent spirit of Quebec in the 1960s, into a Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur (Knight of the Legion of Honor), France's most distinguished award, in a ceremony at the French Consulate in Quebec City.

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### FOLLOW-UP

## Palm Beach's pass laws

**T**he denizens of Palm Beach enjoy one of the most luxurious lifestyles in the United States. The quiet community of 16,000 permanent residents on the eastern coast of Florida is synonymous with wealth. Police and civic officials say they have long been conscious of their duty to protect the privileged enclave from criminals. In 1939 city hall even passed a law requiring most people employed in the town to carry identity cards and to be photographed and fingerprinted at the local police station. But last month the Florida state legislature followed that practice. Charging that the ordinance was reminiscent of South Africa apartheid rules, State Representative James Hargrett said of the Palm Beach law, "It violates the right to privacy, the right to work and the right to travel freely."

The issue gained national attention last year after cartoonist Garry Trudeau satirized life in Palm Beach in his widely syndicated strip, *Doonobery*. Trudeau portrayed a fashionable black congressional assistant driving to a fund-raising event in Palm Beach given by his blue-blooded employer. In the strip, local police stopped the aide and jailed him for not carrying an identity card. After the *Doonobery* satire appeared, a federal district court struck down the ordinance following a petition launched by two Palm Beach employees. Meanwhile, the state legislature drafted what Hargrett called the *Doonobery* Bill. Said Clarence Berchman, an aide to Hargrett, the author of the bill, "Trudeau did the parody, most people thought he was joking. But then we found out that there really was such a law." Palm Beach Mayor Evelyn Weiss claimed that Trudeau was inaccurate in portraying the effects of the ordinance. Said Weiss, "He didn't have the correct facts. He made it look as if you needed a card to drive in." And police officer Edgar Burroughs, who issued the cards for five years before the court ruling, defended the local law as a "psychological deterrent" to crime.

Burroughs also denied that Palm Beach police regularly stopped motorists in the way that Trudeau portrayed. For the most part, he said, police used their files to exclude suspects by background by checking employees' fingerprints. Also with these files at the scenes of crimes. As well, police used the identity system to le-

cate missing people and find wanted criminals.

The dispute has left many Palm Beach employees bewildered by the attention focused on them. Bartender Terry Cornacchio, who earned a card for four years, and that he never had to show it. Declared Cornacchio: "The

only time I used it was as proof of citizenship when I went to the Bahamas." Meanwhile, the police have already stopped issuing the controversial identity cards. Frustrated local officials are determined to find other legal methods to protect residents from crime. Under consideration: voluntary identity cards issued by private agencies. An unrepentant Cornacchio retorted: "Basically, this town is pretty stupid. It's unique, and I feel privileged to work here."

—KEN KERRER in Miami

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## Help from Mother Goose

Gordon James, a 51-year-old blond salesman with dulcet brown eyes, recalls a day five years ago when his life changed dramatically. On June 16, 1981, James's wife, Patricia, gave birth to the Toronto couple's third child. She was overtaken by postpartum depression and, unable to face her role as a mother, she deserted her family. Said James: "It was like being hit by a truck." Some family members, he said, encouraged him to give up his three sons—Norman, Patrick and Michael—for adoption. "But I just couldn't," he said. "There had to be another way." James decided to raise his children on his own.

He gave up his job, moved into public housing and lived on welfare. With the help of social agencies he kept his family at home—but he found that he could not express his emotions to his children. Finally, last December he was approached by Barry Dickson, a social worker with the Children's Aid Society of Metropolitan Toronto. Dickson headed a unique program for teaching single

parents to communicate with their children through the telling of traditional nursery rhymes. James credits the program with helping to keep his family together. Said James: "I relied on professionals and probably



The Dicksons: deceptively simple

couldn't have done it without them."

Dickson, 47, an author of children's books, first created a storytelling program, which he named "Mother Goose," in 1983. At that time, the program was aimed specifically at single mothers with children aged six months to three years. The concept was deceptively simple. In sessions lasting two hours, the mothers held their children in their laps and recited age-old verses. Then, a professional storyteller told them a folktale. Said Dickson: "I was concerned about the lack of emotional knowledge between mother and child. I wanted to give mothers a feeling of value about themselves, a skill they could acquire quickly."

Researchers studying the program noted early successes. Beverly Kirkland, a researcher with the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, studied 40 mothers and their children enrolled in the first two programs. She said that "the combination of child, lap and literature" gave both parent and child, however troubled and estranged their relationship, "the opportunity to fall in love with each other." Among her findings, the program had what she called a strong "therapeutic effect" on the participating families.

After the initial sessions with mothers and children, Dickson, who

enhanced the participation of professional storytellers, told child welfare officials that fathers might also be helped by the program. Said Dickson: "Men often feel trapped and frightened by children. Some want to change." As a result, his wife, Therie, organized a pilot Father Goose program last winter.

Among the participants were Gordon James and his youngest son, Michael, then 4. For nine weeks he and other fathers—some of them drug abusers, mentally handicapped or emotionally troubled—learned and told each other traditional rhymes from the Mother Goose canon. The sessions were lively and gave both fathers and children an opportunity to be more expressive.

Kirkland, who is now conducting the Father Goose program, says that the results are promising. "This involves not only the parent-child bond," she said, "but [it] has an effect on the child's self-

ty to think, to make themselves, to set patterns and predict things." As well, she said, it has had an effect on the development of the child's personal identity. "Parents give their children a sense of continuity, a sense of the past," she added. Kirkland said that one concrete result among the Mother



James with sons Patrick (left) and Michael (right)

Goose participants has been a 90-percent reduction in what she calls the "wack factor"—when troublesome and noisy children are quieted through verbal or physical abuse. And among the 18 Father Goose participants, one single father was able to win free family court attention to grant him custody of his 18-month-old baby after attending Father Goose.

Reports of both programs' successes have slowly filtered out into the teaching and social work communities. Dickson says he has received inquiries from Florida, Michigan and other states, as well as several parts of Canada. Fort Hare, N.H., teacher Patricia Richards noted, "I've long had the feeling that children aren't allowed to be children anymore."

Gordon James still finds them a difficult future. "People still see me as a leaver," he said. "No woman is going to want me and the three kids too. But Father Goose made me ask a lot of questions. Was feeding my children and putting clothes on them and sending them off to school really enough? I feel there now in Niles—I think Niles feels the same. I keep the TV off now. I read to him. I knew something was missing. I went looking for it and I may even have found it."

—GLEN ALLEN in Toronto

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DATELINE: DALLAS

## Love and nutrition

The cluster of ailments, single men and women gathered around nutritionist Len Reed, 37, in the diet foods section of an upscale Dallas, Tex., supermarket. All 34 of them had paid \$40 for a five-hour, six-lesson seminar on nutrition that Reed called the "Supermarket Savvy Show." As Reed explained the importance of reading product labels, most of her listeners were also using each other up as potential diets.

When she devoted the hours two years ago, Reed found that many Dallas single people were as lonely as they were confused about nutrition. Many of her clients were newly separated men learning to prepare meals for the first time. Others were simply lonely in a city with few social gathering spots. Reed Reed "When you are a nutritionist you see work in a hospital or counsel people one to one. I wanted another way to reach the public."

Recreation for the young and restless of Dallas has proven immensely popular. The demand for her tours has grown so much that she now gives as many as four seminars a week, with two constituting 60 per cent of her clientele. The seminar begins with a lecture on proper eating and an audio-tape tour of the upscale Farmer David supermarket in central Dallas, followed by a bland but nourishing snack of vegetable juice and rice cakes. Reed, who is single herself, says that she readily accepts the fact that many of her clients are just as interested in making dates as they are in selecting bean muffins. Indeed, she said many of her personal female friends have asked to take the tour when they learn that "a good guy" has registered.

Reed said that some clients actually express disappointment when love does not bloom in the produce section. And she added that one tour veteran complained that the seminars did not provide enough time for the exchange of business cards and sealings. For the popularity of the Supermarket Savvy Show continues to grow—evidence of another local grocery chain has invited Reed to conduct tours in their stores. As one tour graduate remarked, shoppers may not find a mate in the supermarket, but at least they stay healthy while they are looking.

—AMANDA TOSCHKE in Dallas

AN AMERICAN VIEW

## Drugs and the disaffected public

By Fred Branning

The Boston Celtics used their first pick in this year's National Basketball Association draft to acquire Len Bias, an all-American from the University of Maryland. Bias offered just about everything the Celtics or any other club could want—great speed, good court sense, shooting ability and, perhaps most important, the sort of competitive spirit that can ignite a team. Len Bias, 22, was a winner, no doubt, and, with a high-drama explosion like the Celtics, his stardom was assured.

One can imagine Bias's exhilaration as he returned to the Maryland campus after meetings in New York and Boston. Friends reacted, the mood was triumphant, a celebration commenced and continued for many hours. Sometime around midnight, Bias, dressed in a comfortable t-shirt, sat on a pile of crab legs. Subsequently, according to one report, the star made a significantly less judicious choice by spiriting to his brand Nissan 300ZX automobile and heading in the west house, for Washington, D.C.

Presumably what occurred thereafter—when in the capital Bias went and with whom, what advice he took or ignored—now is a matter of extraordinary interest. Authorities want to know all that occurred between the time that Bias related the grand future awaiting him in Boston and the moment, near 7 a.m., when, inevitably, that future disappeared—when Bias slumped to the floor of a dormitory room, heart raging, life drifting away. Every detail has become essential.

When an American athlete perishes under such circumstances the police, like the fans, are bound to assume drugs were involved. For a decade we have heard about the presence of amphetamines and cocaine in the locker room. We have been given the distinct impression that players, pampered, wealthy and much disposed to fast times, are so likely to pay a heavy price as refresh themselves at the water cooler. Now, when a ball player boots a grounder or blows a lay-up, spectators are enticed to wonder if the misdeed indicates bad technique or good stunts. Against this murky backdrop came the demise of Len Bias.

Almost immediately, drugs emerged as an issue. Authorities said they found a plastic bag of cocaine in the

player's death "a breaking point." But even Jackson sounded doubtful. "God knows what that means. People to get our attention," he said. "On a day the children mourn, I hope they learn." Evidently, they didn't. Less than a week later Don Rogers, 28, a defensive back for the Cleveland Browns, died of a heart attack after a party at which authorities say he had cocaine. "The effect of a tragedy wears off," said a community leader in Brooklyn referring to Bias's death. "I don't see it deterring people."

Complicating the dilemma even further is the arrival of something called "crack," a cocaine derivative suitable for a water pipe that eliminates the fuss and indignity of scoring one's drug of choice. Crack is immensely potent and cheaper than regular cocaine. An estimated 40 per cent of all coke addicts have tried it. The result: "I've never seen a drug spread this fast," said William Hopkins, a researcher for the New York State Division of Substance Abuse Services. Noting the addictive qualities of crack, Wayne Eastwell, director of a treatment program outside Manhattan, adds, "This is a drug that is as addictive that it's preferred over sex, friendship, marriage and food—it's preferred over the basic necessities of life."

Prepared over the basic necessities of life? We may want to ask ourselves what forces are at work here, why large numbers of our citizens want so badly to put their brains to sleep. Are we slouching toward the point of universal degeneration, a soft and sappy people jeopardized by our own pleasures? Or, if there are drugs, are we terribly disaffected—wary of the workplace, suspicious in the classroom, scorned by punk TV, fickle in our relationships. In the United States, the term "barred" may no longer be just a figure of speech.

Professional observers are sure to remind us that drug abuse is a complicated matter with an epidemiology that can't entirely be attributed to the assembly line or sugar-burn. Len Bias, after all, didn't seem at all paled or disaffected. Perhaps the basketball star was just a young man on a roll, a kid who wanted to try something new, have a little fun, mellow out on his night's night. Along the line, someone must have suggested that drugs would be a terrific idea. The odds someone does

Fred Branning is a writer with Newsday in New York.



# Shuffling the deck



Malruay, Gov Gen. Jeanne Sauvé flanked by the reformed cabinet: stressing the need to promote a new image

For almost 50 minutes last week's Brian Mulroney seemed grateful to shrug off the armor of his office. Under a brilliant afternoon sun and with a cadre of nervous sister bodyguards laboring to keep up, the Prime Minister shouldered his massive motorcade and plunged into the throng of Canada Day celebrants on Ottawa's Parliament Hill. Pumping hands and joking, Mulroney engaged through the crowd that swarmed the Hill before rejoining his family inside his armored Cadillac limousine for the ride home. Open and earnest, his performance evoked dozens of similar scenes during the summer election campaign of 1984. To many observers, it also suggested that fully two years before any national ballot the Conservatives are already thinking seriously about the next election.

But Mulroney's impromptu stroll was not the only sign that his government was playing itself as an election baiting. The day before, on the last back bench of Government House, the Prime Minister unveiled his ardently renovated 40-member cabinet, de-

sized, he said, "to meet the electorate in two or three years." The following day, as he prepared to fly to Saskatoon for a two-day strategy session with his powerful inner cabinet, the Prime Minister's Office announced a key appointment to the Senate: Toronto adman Norman Atkins, 52, the affable former of the Ontario Tories' Big Blue Machine and co-chairman of Mulroney's 1984 election campaign.

Pitting a recent Ontario son, Atkins joined two other proven Conservative election strategists and longtime Mulroney associates in the upper chamber: Minister Michel Côté, another prime player in the 1984 campaign, who was named to a Senate seat in May; and veteran backroom adviser Lowell Murray, national campaign chairman in 1979, promoted last week to government leader in the Senate with cabinet responsibilities for federal-provincial relations. With that track record of appointments, Mulroney has quietly assembled an election brain trust.

In Saskatoon, Mulroney and 15 other members of the cabinet's priorities and planning committee—the inner cabinet—conferred to stress that the

modern shakeup, one of the largest in Canadian history, was a fresh start for a government. Arriving at the Hotel Resbrough, a casually dressed Mulroney was accompanied by his newly appointed Deputy Prime Minister Don Mazankowski (page 11). In their closed meetings, the committee planned the government's fall legislative agenda and its longer-term strategy. Set afterward, the Prime Minister wasted few opportunities to be seen with Mazankowski, an Alberta son since 1968 and an effective transport minister under both Mulroney and former prime minister Joe Clark. The message seemed clear: Mulroney had selected what he called Mazankowski's "efficient style" as the role model for his refurbished government.

In fact, while the cabinet shuffle added only eight new faces, six others were dropped and the responsibilities of 22 ministers were shifted—the result was portrayed repeatedly as the "new government." And there was a sense last week that all ministers were reading from the same text. Saul Jewish Minister Ray Heatzelsky, whom Mazankowski replaced as government

leader, "The general concept is for us to have a fresh approach. As a government we want to make sure we are doing the constitutional properly." That message was reinforced at week's end as ministers fanned out across the province for a series of plenaries, garden parties and barbecues. The attempted renovation of the Mulroney government began at the

least he could tell you the time of day office is a while," an official in Mulroney's own office complained recently. Although some 300 laws have received royal assent since the Tories came to power in September, 1984, Conservative are valued from that political substance has been overshadowed by a series of bitter free trade or economic issues by government ministers and changes of

least in part—showing up party fortunes in Quebec—polls show the Tories in a quandary in the province. Mulroney promoted three Quebec ministers and added four new faces from his Quebec caucus. With Communications Minister Marcel Masse moved to the foreign portfolio, Secretary of State Brent Steward shifted to Energy, and Minister of Consumer Affairs Minister Michel Côté transferred to Regional Industrial Expansion and Robert de Côté, remaining as Treasury Board president, Quebecers now hold four economic portfolios: Saul Quebec's W. Edouard Bédard, newly elected chairman of the provincial caucus. "The population of Quebec will see soon that this group comprises very well to the Quebecers in Pierre Trudeau's cabinet."

To balance the robust Quebec contingent, Mulroney moved former Business Minister David Crombie from the Indian affairs ministry to secretary of state and minister for multiculturalism, where his extensive connections are expected to win support from ethnic communities. Other Ontario promotions included Pierre MacDonald, from Employment to Consumer Affairs, and Pierre Beatty, from selective general to Defense. All three will sit on the inner cabinet.

But the most significant shifts involved two westerners: Mazankowski and Vancouver's Pat Carney, who leaves the energy portfolio to take over Mulroney's free trade initiative, replacing the lakeland James Killebrew, now selective general. With free trade destined to be a major plank in any Tory election platform, the political arena is crowded. Carney seemed undisturbed last week with a onslaught poll published by *The Globe and Mail* reported that only 22 per cent of respondents supported free trade with the United States. He said: "Frankly that's why I was appointed."

The other major focus in the months ahead will be bringing Quebec, under the new federal Constitution endorsed by the other nine provinces in 1981 and proclaimed the next year. Saul Mulroney said last week: "It was vital that the province of Quebec be brought into the constitutional accord. It's unfair to Canada. It's unfair to Quebec."

Initial reaction to the new Tory lineup was generally favorable. But it remained unclear, with just three new faces, whether the cabinet was as Saskatchewan, whether Canadians would be ready to restore trust in Mulroney's "new government"—or if the rearranged cabinet would have any more success in tacking the nation's complex and diverse issues than its predecessor.

—KEN MACQUEEN AND MICHAEL ROSE  
in Ottawa with PAUL GIBBELL in Saskatoon

end of a tumultuous parliamentary sitting on Jan. 27. In private discussions with his then-deputy prime minister Erik Nielsen, Mulroney walked through the Conservative lobby outside the Commons chamber, his left arm draped across Nielsen's shoulder. He wished Nielsen a good summer at his retreat on Quist Lake in the Yukon. "God bless," he told his deputy, "God bless." Three days later it was clear Mulroney was wishing more than a summer farewell. To the combative and secretive Nielsen, the Prime Minister's twilight shadow through the resignation of two cabinet ministers and chief disciplinarian in the 308-member Tory caucus. It was a benediction. After a 38-year career in Parliament, the decision to leave cabinet was apparently Nielsen's. He had asked several months ago to be removed during any mid-term shuffle—and had repeated the request when he visited the vacationing Prime Minister at West Palm Beach, Fla., during the Easter break.

Certainly, Nielsen's departure removed a major concern for Mulroney: his aloof style and opaque answers to even the most legitimate questions, and questions only exacerbated the deteriorating demeanor in the Commons. "At

least he could tell you the time of day office is a while," an official in Mulroney's own office complained recently. Although some 300 laws have received royal assent since the Tories came to power in September, 1984, Conservative are valued from that political substance has been overshadowed by a series of bitter free trade or economic issues by government ministers and changes of

As Mulroney drafted his cabinet changes over the Jan. 26-27 weekend, he telephoned a few out-of-town ministers, but not most individually at his 24 Sussex Drive residence. His longest session—two hours—was with Mazankowski, who, in addition to becoming deputy prime minister and government House leader, will now chair the key cabinet committees: committee that coordinates the timing and promotion of government policy announcements.

The need to polish the Tory image was growing increasingly urgent. A succession of polls during the past two weeks have shown a relentless drop in Conservative support. In key regions of the country, the most startling was a Gallup survey taken in early June, which the Liberals led the Tories by 40 to 32 per cent, with the New Democrats at 21 per cent. Saul Mulroney during a break in the Saskatoon meetings, Canadians are reluctant to go to even the most legitimate questions, and that's what we're working on."

The cabinet shuffle was aimed at



# The ins and outs of the political wars

Prime Minister Brian Mulroney stuffed his cabinet last week, dropping six ministers, adding eight and shifting 21. The reshuffle created cabinet secretaries and junior lieutenants. Mulroney's Senior Writer Mary Jannigan reviews some of the beneficiaries and victims—and explores the politics of cabinet shuffling.

## WINNERS



■ **Minister of International Expansion: Michel Côté** A political activist, Côté, 44, has demonstrated an uncanny ability to defuse political problems. During his two years in government and corporate affairs minister, he pleased opponents of marine expansion by allowing imperial wage in some areas and championed new competition legislation. These same skills will now be needed to oversee distribution of millions of dollars in grants and tax incentives. One major decision Côté must make: whether to support financially aided selected profitable firms at the expense of a struggling companies or underwrite a broad range as it does now.



■ **Minister for International Trade: Paul Carney** A no-nonsense economist, Carney, 51, was Canada's energy czar, using his formidable decision-making powers to conclude agreements with the oil-producing provinces. Now, the market value of the free trade talks with Washington—and sell those talks to an increasingly skeptical Canadian public. Her first task is to rein in chief trade negotiator Simon Hassam, an aggressive conservative who made no secret of his contempt for Carney's predecessor, James Kilbride, and whose blunt comments about the opponents of free trade have cost votes. Her other

objectives is secure an advantageous trade deal with the Americans and prepare for the new round of multilateral trade talks in Uruguay.

■ **Minister of State for Youth: Jean Charest** A 58-year-old lawyer from Sherbrooke, Que., Charest is the youngest federal cabinet minister in Canadian history. First elected in 1984, the ambitious media star was favorite Tory attention as an ever-ready assistant deputy speaker in the Commons. He is politically astute, intelligent and personable—and gives the Prime Minister an additional boost he comes from a region without strong cabinet representation. And, most important, Charest has the energy and enthusiasm to take on an underfunded portfolio. His major assignment: to promote the entire government program to young Canadians.



■ **Defence Minister: Denise Beatty** Intelligent and conscientious, Beatty, 36, has easily handled the post of senior minister and advisor general since 1984. Now the challenge: to lead the military through a period of budgetary restraint. He must also appease some senior officers still mulling about the appointment last April of Lt.-Gen. Paul Hare as chief of defence staff—the country's top military post. Said an Ottawa insider: "Perrin can straighten those realties out."

## LOSERS

■ **James McGrath** Mulroney has forgiven many Tories who supported Joe Clark in the 1983 leadership race. But, inexplicably, the Newfoundlanders has never recovered from backing the wrong horse. During the brief 1979 Clark government, McGrath, 54, served as Minister of Finance. He was later named as John Crosbie's finance minister. But Mulroney's aides said that McGrath's balance precluded two cabinet ministers from that city—and McGrath last week

was reconsidering his future after 29 years as a member. "Anybody who has been in public life as long as I have would obviously have to think whether a career change was warranted," he told *Maclean's*.



■ **Walter Melan** A Presbyterian minister, Melan, 50, was by all accounts a poor administrator—and a full political performer. Appointed secretary of state in 1984, he was demoted to minister of state for immigration in August, 1985. He drew opposition boos for allowing his wife to attend ministry meetings. And he struggled to find his expenditure of more than \$100,000 on a four-week African tour. That combination of political blunders and administrative fumbling was lethal. Said a senior Tory: "He peaked the day he entered cabinet."



■ **André Champagne** A popular Quebec television performer, Champagne, 47, was named a star when he entered cabinet as minister of state for youth in September, 1984. But the glow faded fast. Under attack in the Commons by Champagne's critics, he was often out of his own party's grace. At her summary, critics said, she was unable to develop and carry out an agenda. The move attracted the attention of young voters. Last February, her department virtually disappeared when the government summarily deleted its funding from the federal structure. Then, the New Democrats managed to secure and disclose a secret letter, signed by Champagne, which proposed to use government federal funds to recruit youth to the Tory party. Concluded a senior Tory: "She kept finding in little pockets of water."



Mulroney (left) with Mulroney in Saskatoon, Que. with a ready smile.

Alberta Jack Horner. But Mac maintained a less combative manner. He became known for dark suits, a ready smile and an almost speaking style—and for developing rapport and friendships in the free-trade party. He served as caucus chairman in the mid-1970s and as an anti-handled organizer and co-chairman of the 1976 party leadership convention that picked Joe Clark—over Mulroney and Horner, among others. At the same time, Mulroney's critics in his Quebec constituency and still usually spends two weekends a month in the riding. His wife, Corrine, lives there in the family bungalow, and their three grown sons work in Alberta.

Mulroney's straightforward manner conceals political shrewdness. During the 1983 Tory leadership race, he supported Clark—he had been transport minister in Clark's 1979 government—but managed to avoid alienating Clark's successful rival, Mulroney. The new deputy prime minister's candor and civility will be a marked contrast to the secrecy and stonewalling of Nielsen, who became a political liability for Mulroney. Mulroney's goal is to try to improve the government's image and, as he told *Maclean's*, "I try to be nice and I like nice people." But he also recognized "a mass strike" in Parliament, adding: "The expectations are very high, and the challenges I am sure will be short-lived—although I am enjoying it now."

At the Prime Minister's designated spokesman when Mulroney is away, and as chief legislative planner as government House leader, Mulroney's role will be pivotal in reshaping the government's fortunes. Still, Mulroney was apparently reluctant to accept the assignment, fearing that it might slow too little time for constituents and force him to leave unadvised legislation in the transport portfolio. Mulroney's role in the transport portfolio was not shared there. Mulroney's last week did not share that concern. Said lawyer Mike Kaschick, who has known Mac for more than 30 years: "We won't be asking because we don't see him every second weekend. Mulroney is his constituency."

—MICHAEL BAKER is Ottawa, with JERRY HODGINS in Winnipeg and PAUL GIBBONS in Saskatoon.

## The new right-hand man

There will be in Don Manakowski's constituency office in Vegreville, Alta., is decorated with the standard political memorabilia: framed newspaper clippings recording election victories and autographed photos of Conservative party leaders from the late John Diefenbaker to Brian Mulroney. But one item in the collection last week signified a new significance, after Manakowski, 56, was catapulted into the nation's second-most powerful elected post—deputy prime minister. The photograph is of Erik Nielsen, the former party's Quebec warhorse when Manakowski replaced, and the inscription reads: "To my good friend Don Manakowski, with admiration for his zeal and gratitude for his guidance."

These were only two of sundry virtues cited by admirers in all parties in praising the appointment of the former transport minister, as MP since 1988. But the man known simply as "Mac" was typically low-key. Said the former General Motors exec salesman in an interview last week with *Maclean's*: "Ottawa Bureau Chief Paul Gosselin: 'I was overwhelmed first of all.' But he added, 'I think I am going to enjoy it.'"

Mulroney's new deputy is by all appearances without personal enemies

His relaxed, no-nonsense style will be a major asset in his other new role as government House leader. But Manakowski's most valuable tool in the days ahead may be a less-publicized streak of political toughness, which helped him build a power base in Alberta and carried him through tumultuous times in an often-divided Conservative party. Manakowski developed his tough streak growing up in small-town Western Canada, the son of immigrants. His father, Frank, and his mother, Dona, both of Polish descent, immigrated from the United States in 1921. His father was a farmer in Viking (population 3,200), an ethnically mixed community in eastern Alberta where Manakowski was born and raised. After high school, he moved to Chicago to work as a dispatcher in the trucking business, then returned to Vegreville, Alta., and opened a gas station. Later, with his brother Ray, he started a car dealership in rural Vegreville. Tempted by federal politics after five years as a local sports school trustee, Manakowski was the riding's Tory nomination in 1968 and a seat in Parliament.

In Ottawa, Manakowski at first became part of a group of western Tories with a wild and woolly reputation under the unofficial leadership of fellow

# A CANADIAN TRAGEDY

COVER/SPECIAL REPORT

Just outside the Cree Indian settlement of Pease Lake, Alta., there are five graves side by side on the bank of a grassy knoll. Beyond the graves, higher up, is the rim of tall poplars, and beyond the poplars the lake is still and smooth and blue in the northern sun. Each grave is sheltered by a little plywood house, and there are wild flowers on the sloping rock. Two of the burials are painted yellow and three are blue-yellow for various skin colours. The females in the graves were Patricia Hodge, 16, and Elina Netauawetwan, 20. The males were Robert Cardinal, 22, and two of Elina Netauawetwan's brothers, William, 26, and Raymond, 27.

During the evening of March 10, at a party in Elina's approved frame shack, all five drank, dappling their cheeks fluid from a one-gallon plastic jug marked "Pawnee," and shortly after midnight they were all dead. A sixth victim, Robert Bolton, 34, is buried near his home in Slave Lake, 200 km to the south. There were more than a dozen people at the party; the lives of two were eventually saved by the faithful machines and doctors at University Hospital in Edmonton, 350 km south of Pease Lake. The deaths were bizarre, and in the days that followed reporters from all over flew in chartered planes to the nearby airstrip at Trout Lake, and then drove 46 km along a dirt road to Pease Lake in cover the 10-search and ask the 300 inhabitants—without success—how people could want to get drunk so badly that they would drink dappling machine fluid.

**Lebanon** The widely publicized story of Elina Netauawetwan's lethal cocktail party probably baffled most of those who read it. But to the nation's cause that 500,000 Indians and Métis, it was a familiar and tragic tale. Thousands of them have prospered from major land-claims settlements and from the compensation paid by oil and mineral companies for the use of their lands. Hundreds, led by university-educated Indians, have begun organizing and using the news media in the pursuit of political and economic power (page 22). But thousands of others, no longer able to hunt because of the northward-moving bulldozers, timbercutters and drilling rigs, have starved off the moose and deer and muskrat, are strung out across the Canadian wilderness from Labrador to the Pacific in subsistence, welfare-dependent little settlements where alcoholism, unemployment, violence, dispute and suicide have become endemic. Pease Lake is one of those islands of misery, and sobriety has made it a symbol for them all. Their people are described in this article and the ones that follow in Maclean's special 16-page report.

The national statistics are plentiful and alarming. The federal health department says the alcoholism rate among native people is 15 times the rate among whites. The number of Indians on welfare ranges from 60 to 90 per cent in communities across the country. The federal department of Indian affairs and northern development says that the juvenile crime rate among Indians is three times the national average (page 20). So are deaths from violence, violence and poisoning. And the Indian suicide rate is six times the national figure. Diane Rys-Schulz, a clinical psychologist and former director of the crisis intervention centre at Toronto East General Hospital, said Canadian Indians probably have one of the highest suicide rates in the world. All of the 116, commented the Edmonton-based nation weekly newspaper.

Pease Lake more a familiar tale to cut blood of poverty

per Windsor on March 16, "there's to destroy Indians as a people."

"I don't know whether that's true," shouted the pilot of the single-engine Cessna above the roar of the engine, "but I'll tell you one thing. I've been flying up here for a long time, and I don't think we know how Indians think, how their minds work." Seven thousand feet below, and 80 minutes out from Pease Lake, the rich farmlands east of Peace River gave way to a desolate expanse of brownish-green muskeg, crisscrossed by straight lines that stretched to the horizon in all directions. "Cutlines," said the pilot, 41-year-old Donald Robertson of Sedgewick, Alta. "For geological surveys. In winter, when the muskeg's frozen, they bring in bulldozers and drive cross-country in a straight line. Then all crews come in and take drill samples along the cuts."



Graves of pease victims: the little huts of yellow and blue

At the Trout Lake airstrip, Maclean's writer, Ron Graham, climbed out of his multi-spattered Dodge Aries with four-on-the-door and cheerfully waved a welcome. He is not a Cree but a Swiss who moved from Iowa to northern Alberta on the advice of doctors treating his son for a respiratory ailment. Graham wore rumpled slippers, baggy trousers and a bush shirt. His hair is in a single braid at the back and, at 54, his weather is thickening. He is short for Roughriders, which is what his grandfather called him when he was a baby; his real name is Lawrence. The car slowed and idled along the rutted, muddy road to Pease Lake, and Ron Graham said, "Nine out of ten of the men do not have jobs and the despair is so thick you can cut it with a knife. Hell, I've been in college and I've studied computer science, but I've applied to 52 places and I can't find work. A job, no matter how little, is important because it will buy a sack of flour. Anyway, now is the time for Pease Lake. Either the people find a way to get their pride back or the whole place goes straight downhill."

**Highlanders** The place is a haphazard string of shacks, log cabins, trailers and wooden houses along both sides of the Trout Lake road, which bends after a few hundred metres to go off westward through the bush for 80 km to Red Earth Creek. Pease Lake is only overland link in the outside world. It had been cold and wet for a couple of days so the mosquitoes had not yet returned. The sun burned the moisture from the scrub grass on the high ground, and there was a smell of woodsmoke from a fire-brick hut. Indians wearing jeans and cowboy hats stood beside the road, brims shading their eyes and hands in pockets, watching Ron Graham drive past the schoolyard where children whooped and laughed and clattered over a makeshift gym set of logs and old tires. Beyond the school and out of sight once a hill, the Indians were putting up a building for the Evangelical Alliance Church. Beyond the new building, between the poplar trees, lay the burial ground. The hammering and sawing and the laughter of the children were the only sounds in the village.

Pease Lake exists only because the Alberta government built a school there in 1967. There were Indian families scattered for miles around in the bush, hunting and fishing and trapping, but Alberta, like other provinces, had a compulsory school attendance law, so the Indians who had children had to pack up and move near the school. The government leased land to them for houses. The road to Red Earth Creek was built in the early 1970s, opening up hundreds of square miles to oil and mineral exploration. By 1980, when the machines



had begun to stare off the game and force the villagers onto welfare, the government replaced the original wood-frame school with one fashioned of aluminum and glass and reinforced concrete that would not look out of place in a big city. Just in case, the school calls the yard a place for "recreation play." The school has 33 pupils and seven teachers, but Rex Graham's wife, Louise, whom he met after he first went to Pelee Lake in 1964, is the only Indian among them and the only one who teaches in the Cree language. The other teachers are Cree-speaking helpers.

Starr's Pelee Lake has a single-story wood-frame meeting hall with a front porch. The hall is used by the Nee-yaw-aa-nah, the community association that meets from time to time to discuss village problems—of which there is no shortage. Nee-yaw-aa-nah means simply "Ours" inside the meeting hall, a half-dozen Cree men

stood. Door to door we went. Some of them are still alive, still walking around, still laughing, still joking. So we bring all of them to my place, one by one. At first, they are sitting on chairs around the table but then about 4 o'clock, they are getting weaker and weaker, and they are lying on the floor, and it seems they can hardly breathe. They are still working on them at 4:00, 5 o'clock in the morning. Then they take them to the Trout Lake airstrip, and they fly them to Edmonton. One more dies on the plane, and three of them die in the hospital."

The meetings were responded to John Cardinal's call for help came from the three-man detachment at Red Earth Creek, commanded by Cpl. Perry Karna, 36, of St. Catharines, Ont. Said Karna: "Our medical facilities here are really limited, and it's personally frustrating when you're dealing with a life-and-death situation such as that one at Pelee Lake. It's hard to understand



Charlene Alook and Paul Letendre, Netemestoom cabin (above right); Starr (below): the national statistics are alarming

wearing baseball caps or cowboy hats and jeans sat around a long trench table, some smoking, others, on chairs tilted back against the wall, staring at the floor. John Cardinal, gesturing, now and again punching the table with a finger, recalled the night of Eliza Metam-etum's fatal party when somebody woke him up and told him there was trouble.

"I went in," said Cardinal, "and there were a lot of people lying down sleeping. There's one person dead already. I just touch them and I know they have died. So I told the people that are awake, just standing there, not to bother them. This guy drove me back to my place, and I phoned the RCMP and make a report that it had happened and the time, and what the RCMP told me was that they would come in that hour. The RCMP got in about two hours after it happened because they are waiting for the ambulance and some kind of doctor. They investigate to find out how many people are in-

volving things sometimes have to go the way they do for these people. They are very honest, very direct, and most of them want things to go right—for themselves and for their families down the road. You know, there are times when you want to tell them to go to Edmonton where they might find work, but then you realize, no, that's not for them."

**Nightmare:** For John Cardinal, Eliza Netemestoom's party was not the end of the nightmare. One night about a month after the drinking party, his 17-year-old stepson, Redstick, left a talent show at the community centre and went home and shot himself to death. "He was a nice boy," recalled his stepfather, "and we never realized what was going on with him. We sat down with the RCMP afterward and tried to figure it out. He hadn't been drinking, and so I think it must have been frustration." Cardinal passed periodically. Each time, Gordon Auger, seated at the end of the table, repeated what he

had said to Cree people around the table who spoke to English. They listened intently and said nothing.

But Auger did: "People read about Indians drinking depressing stuff, and they say, 'There's just another bunch of drunken Indians.' Our people go out to urban centres, and they are somebody drinking some stuff, and so they think they can drink it too. It might say 'poison' or 'drugs,' but maybe they drink stuff that said that before, and it was okay. You know, we're a hundred years behind the South, but Indian leaders have tried to avoid this problem by saying, OK, we need special counselling for alcohol, special counselling for educa-

tion, counselling for employment.' But nobody listens. Then the tragedy happens, and all of a sudden there's all kinds of programs available."

**Hemmed:** Auger, leaning forward, hammered the table with his fist. Then after a long pause, he leaned back, hands braced against the edge of the table, and spoke to Cree people had begun drifting in from the road to sit in chairs near the door. Several were teenagers. "I'm in to begin with the children in the schools," said Auger, reverting to English, "because one day they are going to be our leaders, better leaders than we ever were before. But if you don't start from the schools, there

you're not going to get nowhere. No more snakes and ladders. Stuff for the future." Once again, he spoke to Cree and the people listened expectantly.

Across the village, Rex Graham is an electric coffee-maker in the kitchen of his house trailer, which has a freer with white, white-tail deer meat and Parking magazine. "You should talk to David Starr, who's our sort of chief," he said. "That's in Edmonton at an alcohol rehabilitation centre. Graham read floor, water and salt water, and even a little bit of alcohol, knocked it in the sink, put it in a pan and put the pan on the oven. He brushed the sugar from his hands and sat at the kitchen table, a house-husband descended from the warriors who bunked with Custer's 7th Cavalry at the Little Bighorn more than a century ago. Graham's clothes were, for the moment, complete.

"I sometimes think the white man will never understand how the Indian mind works," he said. "Here is an example. Indians share what they have with each other. If I come home to make a meal and find I have no fish, I will go to my neighbor's house, even though he is not there, and I will take a fish, no more than I need. Then one day, he will find that he has no potatoes so he will come to my house and take some potatoes. That is how we live. If a man shoots a mouse, he will take what he needs for his family and give the rest to his neighbors. Once, one of the men of the village came home from hunting and needed to take a shower. So he went to the house of a white cobolinder and had a shower. The teacher called the police. To this day, the man does not understand why what he did was wrong."

**Reacts:** Graham opened the oven door, poked at the bannock, took it out and flipped it out of the pan. "I feel it is a government policy that they are trying to assimilate us, using the schools and all other means. This severs the roots that tie us to an identity, and once those are severed, we become fearful and untrustful. It destroys us because we don't know who we are."

The federal and provincial governments deny that assimilation is the goal of present policy.

Louise Graham came in, took her quickly down off at the door and flopped dramatically at the kitchen table, a teacher of small children on her nighttime break. Her hair is iron grey but her skin is smooth. She had cooked her white-tailed deer but, not hungry, she served it off and said: "It is a mistake to try to teach Indian children English starting in Grade 1. It is a child in a strange speaking a language, in this case Cree, all the concepts about learning should be taught in that language because they can be. If we taught them in Cree up to, say, Grade 7, then we could switch to English because they would have already begun to pick it up." Louise and she subscribed to the widely held theory that Indian and white children learn differently. "If we taught white children to be taught proportionally and in the abstract, Indian



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as children understand more quietly by experience, by seeing and hearing.

A simpler view of life is that of George Newstewart, 66, who last three children at Eliza's party life and his wife, Isabel, who speak only Cree, sat at the kitchen table and polished off the white-tailed deer George Newstewart carries a fascinated and devoted him as a registered Indian, which means he can hunt and fish and trap more or less where he wants to. Nonregistered Indian cannot. The frustration, embodied in federal law along with a host of other definitions, exclusions, entitlements, restrictions and historical references, is lost on the Indians.

**Burt** Louise Graham interpreted for George Newstewart, who said, "One would think I'd go back to the traditional way of life, and everything would be better. Once there was plenty of moose and fish, everything. Things were plentiful before the road was built, and no one was hungry. There should be no reason for

hunger before we involve issues that have taken a hundred years to get to the point where we are now."

David Starr, the Peoria Lake center, left the Edmonton alcohol rehabilitation center after 38 days and talked on the phone "I never had liquor in my house," he said, "but when I would go to Edmonton or wherever and finished my business, I would go and have my beer. But after a time, I had a really conscience, and so I went to the centre for help, which I received. I went there because I am an elder, and the parents of the young people and an example. Someone had to go and pave the way. It was pretty hard for me to do that, since they have always looked on the treatment center as a kind of hospital. But now I can interpret for them and explain the program to them, and I think it has paid off because two of them have gone to the centre for help."

That is a hopeful sign, but David Starr has his work cut out for him. The nearest bar used to be at Slave Lake, but now one has opened at Red Earth Creek at the



Chief Starr (center) with Ann, 3, and her mother, Frances. Surrounding and around the laughter of the children

white man to come here." Peter Newstewart, 54, is one of George's surviving sons. He left school in 1978 because there was no teaching beyond Grade 9. Peter said "I'd rather be in the city with a job because I know about hunting and trapping and fishing already. Maybe come back once in a while and hunt, maybe fish. If the government asked me what it could do for me, I would probably say, 'Put me in a job school where I can work, maybe study, go to school.' I quit school here because I couldn't go any higher. They couldn't make any arrangements for me to go to Peace River or some place."

To the plight of Peter Newstewart—and the thousands like him who languish in dismal isolation across the country—there is no single answer, said former federal Indian affairs minister David Crombie. In an interview with Madeline in his Ottawa office, Crombie said, "Everything we do relates to one single constant drawback: how do you reformation, and make whole, the community? It may take 15 years but you have got to start somewhere. You've got to get the God-damned welfare off their backs. You've got to get the government out of their backs." Crombie's new vice-president, Katherine, Mr. Williams McKnight, told Madeline he would continue that philosophy, and added, "The chal-

enge out of the road built in the name of progress. Red Starr "I'm drinking now in 24 hours a day. They scrape together whatever they can, and drive in their old vehicle to Red Earth Creek and bring the liquor back to the village. There has been little violence, which is strange because it means the people have given up in their minds and are not angry any more."

**Starlight:** A few blocks from the Edmonton Municipal Airport in a two-story building that houses a credit union and the Alberta Métis Association. In a big office on the second floor, association president Samuel Sinclair sat uncomprehendingly behind a desk. It is a long way from Lesser Slave Lake, where he grew up as a Cree hunting moose and running a trapline. In the weeks following the crash at Peoria Lake, Sinclair said unemployment lay at the root of the tragedy, and he accused the Alberta government for not doing more to find jobs for Indians. Now, he looked out the window and said, "They had better start looking at us as human beings who have solutions in approaching this real dogfight we have in just surviving. They say there's life after death. How about some life after death?"

—BAK CORRIE in Peoria Lake

# OLD WAYS IN THE JET AGE

SPECIAL REPORT

**O**n a chill, grey blizzard in central Labrador, a displaced people struggles against poverty, disease and the gradual loss of the harshly beautiful land they call Ninnum. The place is Sheshatshiu, for thousands of years a meeting place for the Indians who call themselves Innu. Now the nearly 500 Sheshatshiu Indians are probably the only native people in North America whose depleted hunting grounds may be wiped out by friendly air power. Since 1969 British

That is the pattern of life at Sheshatshiu. Surviving on the prevailing lifestyle, Ben Michel, a spokesman for the Innu National Council, said, "One goes to social services, buys a little food for the children—and spends the rest as alcohol." The 144 road trip by boat into Goose Bay and 415 miles of a dense boreal forest for food, maintenance, alcohol abuse and drug addiction in overcrowded homes contribute to tuberculosis, high infant mortality and a short life expectancy. A disturbing

new trend is a recent rash of suicides among area teenagers three deaths and six more attempts.

**Chatters:** Not all the Indians live amid squalor, despair and daytime television. Five Penashu lives in a tent near the shore of Lake Melville about five kilometers from the village. There, only intermittent chatter in Inuktitut on a small orange cotton band radio disturbs the rustle of boughs on canvas and the slap of waves breaking on the beach. Freshly caught trout, the fish orange fish split open, lie along one wall.

That old way of life is making a comeback. Since 1980 Indians have begun receiving the second phase of assimilation. Like Penashu, they are turning increasingly to the country as a spiritual and cultural anchor. More than half of Sheshatshiu's 100 families now spend as much as six months of the year under canvas at remote lakeside camps. But returning to the old ways may become impossible if



One of the Sheshatshiu children's five-minute walk to the tap

Sheshatshiu is a depressing collection of decaying wooden cabins, most without water or adequate sanitation, strung along roads scraped out of bare gravel and littered with garbage. More than a dozen similar settlements are dotted across Labrador and northeastern Quebec.

Leonard and Louannah Rich live in a typical government-built house in Sheshatshiu with their six children and Leonah's father. The four-room cabin is tiny, unheated and dilapidated inside, the air is rancid and stuffy hot. There is a scorched hole where the wood stove once orbited, sitting the wall on fire. The ground-level basement floor is sealed. So is the bathroom. A tin cooler top and a exploded littered with beer foam and a chunk of raw chicken, long since dehydrated. The family's frayed clothing is grimy. The nearest water tap is a five-minute walk away.

**WATTS:** accepts Ottawa's invitation to have the low-level jet-fighter training at Goose Bay, because jet training on an even larger scale could chase away what is left of the game.

Meanwhile, land-claim negotiations between the federal government and two associations set up at Ottawa's urging to bargain on behalf of the Indians in Labrador and Quebec are proceeding fitfully at best. Michel, for one, expresses fear that the "foreign" country of Canada intends to close its grip on Ninnum, sweeping the Indians into settlements like Sheshatshiu. Ben Michel "The Canadian public has to realize the damage it has done. It is denying us our means of subsistence on a territory we have occupied for 5,000 years."

—CRESS WOOD in Sheshatshiu



Diamond: a more rigid social code with religious fervor and a ban on the sale of alcohol

## FINDING A FUTURE IN THE NORTH

SPECIAL REPORT

It was once renowned as a booming, booming northern town. But a combination of born-again Christianity and the lucrative cash settlement from the James Bay and Northern Quebec Agreement signed with the provincial government in 1975 has turned the spirit of the 1,300 Crees Indians of Waskaganish (formerly Rupert's House) to more entrepreneurial pursuits. Last month a delegation of Japanese businessmen from Yamaha Motor Corp Ltd. flew into the still snow-smitten remote along the Rupert River 700 km northwest of Montreal to inaugurate a \$200,000 crane plant. The factory, which uses Cree labor with Japanese technology, is the first joint venture with non-Indians negotiated by the Waskaganish Enterprise Development Corp., an organization established by the Waskaganish band to spur economic development. Said Billy Diamond, former Cree grand chief and now the retired, bespectacled president of the development company: "We must have permanent jobs for our children. We have to offer them a future in the North."

For Waskaganish, commerce is part of its heritage—it was established on the barren, near-treeless foothills as a Hudson's Bay Co. trading post just inland from James Bay in 1688. Now there are 800 suburban-style one-story homes, 30 of which are built in concrete to give the occupants a sense of community. There is a Bay store, another grocery store and a police station staffed by three constables, all Cree. Although the town gets almost half its income through hunting, fishing and trapping, the Cree's traditional lifestyle is changing as a result of the \$180 million in cash and debentures that the Quebec government turned over in return for relinquishing all land claims in favor of the James

Bay hydroelectric dams.

The Cree have invested some of the money in several businesses, including Air Creches, a fleet of five small aircraft serving the isolated communities inland and along James Bay, and the Cree Construction Co., which has benefited from a decade-long building boom. Along with the relative prosperity has come a more rigid social code: a ban on the sale of alcohol and a religious fervor that has led more than half the residents to renew their faith at one of the reserve's four Christian churches. Said Bill Nema-goon, 20, the band's director general: "The changes come so fast it makes your head spin."

**Success:** Brought by the success of the Cree's 1982 joint venture with minority partner Asahi Airways is the establishment of Air Creches, the Waskaganish band hired Nova Scotia consultant Russel Saunders to seek other prospective deals. It was Saunders' consultation with Yamaha executives that led to the creation of Cree Yamaha Motor Enterprises Inc.

The presence of Japanese money and technology in the northern town where reliable phone service was not installed until 1980 is just one of Waskaganish's many contrasts. At the Waskaganish school, students can either carve an image of northern wildlife out of wood in classes on Cree culture or create one electronically on one of the school's nine personal computers. Still, formal schooling ends after Grade 9, and few students go south to continue their education. Said principal Gordon Blackford: "The pressure from parents and friends to leave early is still pretty strong." And despite the ban on alcohol, many teenagers still buy liquor from bootleggers who smuggle it onto the reserve. Said Billy Whiskeyman, who works at Cree Lodge, the town's only greenhouse: "Some of these kids will drink anything or sniff anything to get high."

**Sticks:** The town has made such major strides in curbing alcohol abuse that some residents say they are concerned about boredom. Evening folk dances at the Pentecostal church are well-attended, and two satellite dishes pull in Canadian and U.S. TV stations, including the evangelical r'n'b Television Network. The return to Christian faith began in the mid-1970s after the James Bay agreement was signed, and many Cree, who had joined the Pentecostal movement during years spent in southern cities, returned to Waskaganish. Said Diamond, a member of the Pentecostal church: "The strength of our village is in our faith. All our problems are related to alcohol." But in Waskaganish, prosperity and religion have combined to temper the excesses.

—BRUCE WALLACE in Waskaganish

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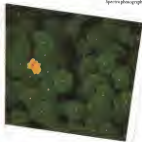
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## TOUGH STRUGGLE BACK

SPECIAL REPORT

**M**atthew Beaver stood on the edge of a crowd that was leaving the tightly beagued mine in the band council office of the Grassy Narrows reserve, 90 km north of Kenora, Ont., and said: "I'm either 40 or 45. I'm sorry I just don't know." His confusion was understandable. A decade has passed since the widely publicized mercury contamination of the reserve's water system poisoned Beaver's body. Because of mercury poison attacking his nervous system, his upper lip quivers, his hands shake and his station.

But as a fishing guide and father of five who has known no other work, Beaver still fishes for his livelihood. Said Beaver, who was last tested for mercury three months ago: "They sent me a letter telling me it's still in me. But what do I do? I have to feed my family."

Beaver is not the only victim of the mercury poisoning condition known as Minamata (named after the Japanese fishing village where local industries had contaminated fish with mercury waste and where it was discovered in the 1960s). Two children born to Ojibwa women from the reserve are under institutional care in nearby Winnipeg, although a link between their deformities and mercury has not been established. And the entire Ojibwa community of 700 Ojibwa suffered in one agonizing way or another long before the Ontario government discovered in 1970 that Road Paper Ltd., 120 km upstream in Dryden, had for eight years dumped more than 15,000 lb of methyl mercury into the river, poisoning the food chain. The government banned commercial fishing for the region's (Anishinabe) and gave closed fishing lodges and put up water-side Day-Glo "Fish for Fun" signs as a warning to U.S. tourists to throw their catches back.

**Tragedy:** For a band that had not yet come to terms with a postwar 1960s relocation of its reserve by the federal government, the mercury tragedy did more than disrupt lives. Renailed Chief Steve Pobiater: "Being corralled into one place was one thing, but telling us we could no longer fish or trap was another." Indeed, it almost spelled the end of the reserve. Said Pobiater: "It was like saying, 'Instead of taking a loaf of bread or catching some fish, just line up for a welfare voucher, it's easier than making a living.' With almost 100 per cent of the

people on welfare, the reserve economy was crippled, and by 1976 mounting frustration resulted in widespread alcoholism, violence and suicides among children.

But Grassy Narrows is fighting back. A community-wide referendum in October, 1984, buzzed liquor from the reserve. Among the ramshackle plywood government houses, there is a chain centre which the federal cabinet passed a 1984 order passed. Now the compact community nestled at the end of a bumpy 76-km dirt road serves as "a precedent and model for other reserves to learn by," according to a 1985 assessment by the federal department of Indian affairs.

**Projects:** After 15 years of negotiating with provincial and federal governments over compensation for the mercury poisoning, in December, 1985, the band received \$5.7 million, \$4.4 million of which had been paid out the previous spring and had already been invested in a nonprofit economic and social development corporation. In addition, the band council's most recent initiative is an investment corporation. One project will be reopening Bull Lake Lodge, where tourists will be able to fish and, occasionally, safely eat their catch.

Still, as the council mobilizes to map out a path for the reserve to follow, band members wrote with the frustration that the white man's life has overtaken. Catching mosquitoes with his hands in his dusty three-room house, Andy Kewatin, a 68-year-old former chief, has reluctantly accepted change. Said Kewatin: "Now we are all busy with nothing to do. But everyone has been after us to live the white man's life, and we have been so change."

But Roger Pobiater, a relative of the chief, is working hard to see that Ojibwa culture is preserved. "We are a people who have been pushed into the mud," he said, "but I have high expectations of what we can achieve. We must teach the children the language, they must carry on the legends. They are our future."

Then Pobiater began telling the legend of "The Boy and the Serpent" using painstakingly colored clothes and a tape recorder. And while schoolchildren outside chased a ball in the quiet afternoon, one boy sat alone in a classroom, working on a brand-new Commodore 64 computer.



Shivell Kazanien, 2, Steve Pobiater (below), mercury



—SHIRAZI AKEVICHIAN in Grassy Narrows

# CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, NATIVE-STYLE

SPECIAL REPORT



Paup (left) counselling native youth. 'I got beat up, once by the guards'

**E**xprince Paup was only eight years old when government authorities decided his parents were not raising him properly and placed him in the care of foster parents. But they had little more success with the unruly youngster. Later, he went to Paul Do Jack Youth Centre for juvenile boys in Regina and then to the Knowles School for Boys in Winnipeg. At age 16, he was convicted of assault. Then, convictions for breaking and entering, theft and more assault earned him two terms in the Saskatchewan Penitentiary at Prince Albert and then at Stoney Mountain Institution in Medicine Hat. Now 30, Eugene Paup has spent almost half his life in custody and is harshly critical of the Canadian criminal justice system. But Paup's criticism is based on more than the time he has served. He is a Cree, and he says he conflicts with the law because he is more likely than whites to end up in prison. Of the 1,306 inmates in federal and provincial institutions in Saskatchewan, 54 per cent are either Miata or Indians, although only about 10 per cent of the province's population is of native ancestry.

Racial disparities are common across the country. Native Canadians make up less than two per cent of the national population, yet they total 18 per cent of the inmates of federal penitentiaries. While only about one-quarter of non-native inmates in federal prisons committed crimes of violence, 36 per cent of the native inmates did. In almost every statistical comparison of

whites and Indians, the lot of Indians is worse. They are more likely to become repeat offenders. In Saskatchewan, where the fullest data on native inmates are available, Indians are more likely to be jailed for violating provincial statutes. Nationally, natives are more likely to have their parole revoked even though they have committed no new offence. In a 1970 study of Indians in Toronto, sociologist Mark Nagler wrote: "Like many other immigrant groups, Indians recently arrived in the city are so confused by the conflict between the teachings of their elders and those of the white man that they tend to see aside the whole problem of morality as meaningless or unresolvable. This absence of generally accepted values among Indians leads to chaos."

**Chaos.** Eugene Paup says that his entire life was chaos until he stopped drinking 5½ years ago. Now the father of three children, he is a counsellor at Regina Native Youth Community Services. Said Paup: "What I would like to see is a system on the reserves where they could punish their own. The problems become worse when Indian people become a part of the justice system. It might be different if we could deal with our people." But for Indians, the problems extend beyond arrest and trial. Said Paup: "In the institutions, you actually see racism and are confronted by it. I got beat up, once by the guards, and another time the guards put other inmates onto some of us in Prince Albert."

One expert who also underlines the result of racism in the system is James Warner, human-area director of the John Howard Society, a service organization for offenders and their families. Preparing his feet on the deck in a hot, cluttered office, Warner said: "You put a white man and a native beside each other, same age, same crime and same judge—many times the native will get time and the white man will get a conditional discharge. Why, I think the system is racist." Warner's colleague David Boyd, a John Howard member who is a Miata, said that the disproportionate number of Indians in jail should not be blamed on white judges but on the reserve which insulated the alcoholism and violence that led to apparent inequities in the justice system. Added Boyd: "Reserves have no economic base and therefore all the talented people on reserves leave. There are no role models left. The only role model is to be the toughest guy on the reserve."

**Reserves.** Most municipal enforcement agencies have few special measures for dealing with active crime. But six police departments, in Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Regina, Toronto and Ottawa, have responded by setting up special squads to keep watch for acts of trouble since they arrive. Colonel Brian Van De Wark belongs to the Calgary force's five-member race relations unit, which meets regularly with representatives from the surrounding reserves and from the Calgary Indian

Friendship Centre. But, big-headed and fur-haired, Van De Wark sat at a table on the third floor of the area's headquarters in northeast Calgary, chewing tobacco and sporting a tie dyed fashioned from a miniature gold Indian shield, a gift of the Loon Hall Indian band at Hobbema, 30 km south of Edmonton. Said Van De Wark: "Alcoholism is an effort, not a root cause, of Indian problems. It is an effect of stress. If you had a bad education and couldn't get a meaningful job because you had no skills, what have you got left? Indians often choose jail over paying an optional fine, even with time to pay, because their self-esteem is so low. Does jail



Women and Hood protesters in Cardston, Alta. (1989) disapproval

matter?" I'm convinced a lot of native ex-convicts want to go back to jail because there they are out of trouble." Inskewered, theft and acts of violence got Indians into trouble, added Van De Wark, but so do cultural differences. He recalled incidents of Indians failing to keep appointments with lawyers or the police because their traditional notion of time was that, if the meeting was important, the other person would wait. As well,

said Van De Wark, "Indians value forgiveness, and cases often involve people who have forgiven everyone long before the case comes to trial—which is why they don't honor subpoenas."

**Complaints.** Indians across Canada have long complained of unequal treatment at the hands of police, but there is little hard evidence. The *Canadian Journal of Criminology and Correctional Services* published a study 12 years ago based on arrests and charges filed by Winnipeg city police. Although Winnipeg's native population at that time was only three per cent of the total, natives were involved in 22 per cent of all male offences and 70 per cent of all female offences.

Patricia Desjarlais, 36, is a former president of the Regina Native Women's Association and a life-skills instructor who tries to improve living conditions for native women. But she was once little more than a statistic. She told Macdonald's that after she ran away from her Regina home and her alcoholic mother at age 15, she earned to prostitution because she could not hold a job and served two 30-day terms for vagrancy in the mid-1970s. One day last month she sat in a booth in a shopping mall restaurant, wearing a beige jumpsuit and eating soup and a salad, and said that she is still embarrassed by her experience with police and the courts. Said Desjarlais: "I don't feel sorry for those girls out on the street. They are only trying to make a living. When you are lashed up against the wall, you use your instincts."

Desperation is a cross-country affliction. In James Trotter, a 32-year-old Miata from Edmonton, whose first encounter with the law occurred at the age of eight when he and some companions broke into a private club to steal whiskey. Said Trotter: "My father was an alcoholic, a drunken tough-guy, and I just wanted to be the same thing." Trotter drew his first jail term in 1965 and spent the next seven years behind bars for breaking and entering, fraud and assault. Last October he was paroled from the Saskatchewan Penitentiary at Prince Albert and says he has kept out of trouble ever since. He is now unemployed. Said Trotter: "You know, I used to want to jail my home when I was out on a pass. It took me six or eight months after getting out to realize there is a difference between jail and home."

**Parole.** There is also a significant difference between whites and Indians in the success rate of parole applications. Howard Boyd's figure in 1981 showed that 43 per cent of a white inmate who applied for parole got it, but only 35 per cent of natives did. Even more disturbing was a 1982 report of the Correctional Service of Canada's strategic planning committee. It found that more and more Indians were losing the reward for the crime, that the number of those most likely to get into trouble was growing. The implications, said the report, were that the ranks of unemployed Indians could double by the early 1990s, and the rates of crime and imprisonment among Indians will increase. For a people embattled by white man's justice, it was hardly a hopeful forecast.

—BAR GIBBELL with DALE KENTLEY in Regina, ALICE HOWSE in Calgary and correspondence reports





Made roadblock on Lip'ti Island: 'we've been pushed around long enough and, we're not going back if anyone'

## THE POLITICS OF POWER

SPECIAL REPORT

On June 25, 1989, the Indian Affairs Minister Jean Chrétien announced in the Commons that the federal government wanted to abolish Indian reserves, give the land to the Indians and put them on the same legal footing as whites. Indian leaders reacted angrily, saying that Chrétien's white paper would destroy Indian culture by eliminating the safeguards contained in federal law and ancient treaties. In fact, native opposition grew so heated and so widespread that Ottawa abandoned the proposal shortly afterward. But to the Indians the episode had been a near-breach with disaster which could happen again. As a result, they began organizing to defend themselves in case it did. Since then, the Indian campaign for political power has gathered steam, especially since 1982 when the Constitution affirmed aboriginal rights and opened the door to a host of land claims.

The result is there is a national Indian lobby and there are Indian umbrella organizations, some militant and all vocal, in every province except Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island. Such leaders as George Watta, coordinator of the British Columbia Tribal Forum, and George Erasmus, head of the national Assembly of First Nations, fly back and forth across the coun-

try to high-circus conferences where Indians in three-piece suits discuss subjects ranging from land claims and cash compensation for the loss of hunting grounds to all and sundry explanation. Indians hire prominent lawyers, including Vancouver's Thomas Berger (page 26) and Montreal's James O'Reilly, to argue land claims in the courts; they buy full-page newspaper ads to state their positions; and they speak with growing eloquence in television interviews.

**Push.** All this activity has a single objective: obtaining title to the lands they occupy and the establishment of local self-government. But so far, despite the lobbying and the push for Indian unity, only one band in the entire country has achieved these goals. Last month, the 680 Sechelt were given self-government and title to their 16 square miles of reserves about 90 km north of Vancouver. Jobs in construction, a local federal fish hatchery and their own businesses have given the Sechelt an unemployment rate below the national average, as they are far from typical of the 250,000 Indians who live on 2,350 reserves across Canada. The unemployment rate in some regions reaches 50 per cent. Many of the 280,000 Indians and Métis who live off reserves are even worse off, and Indian leaders, once confident that the

Constitution signalled a new dawn, are becoming both disillusioned and angry.

As a result, when the federal Indian Affairs department announced last fall that it was sponsoring a \$1.5-billion Native Business Summit and trade fair, some Indian leaders denounced it as a waste of money which could be better spent improving the economy of native communities. The summit, heralded in glossy brochures as a step toward "entering a new era of economic development," went ahead last month at the Toronto Convention Centre. However, Union of Ontario Indians president Joe Mathias, for one, said that the summit would "have a very marginal impact on Indian people in Ontario."

**Wattle.** But to most Indians, money alone is not enough, and few know that better than Joe Mathias, the 48-year-old chief of British Columbia's Squamish band, the wealthiest of British Columbia's 196 Indian bands. West Vancouver's sprawling Park Royal Shopping Centre, the International Plaza hotel and the 460-unit Park Royal Towers apartment complex sit on lands leased from the reserve for annual fees in the millions (the Indians decline to say precisely how much). But negotiation, not money, preoccupies Mathias. Indian leaders are saying there is a process, a form that can be dealt with, and that's the constitutional form," said Mathias. "What that leads to is direct discussion with the federal and provincial governments. The language they use is the same, the more Indian people are going to get impatient. I guess there are three options available to Indian people in asserting our rights. One is negotiation, another is litigation and a third is confrontation. Nobody wants confrontation—nobody is advocating that."

But there is confrontation, so the mainly in Western Canada. Last fall more than 70 Haida Indians were arrested for blocking a logging road in support of their ancestral claims to Lip'ti Island in the Queen Charlotte Islands off the coast of British Columbia, which, like several other provinces, does not recognize aboriginal title. Said George Watta of the B.C. Tribal Forum: "The lack of progress in resolving issues is already leading to trouble. Last night I got called in a market between our people and federal fisheries officers. What it came down to was that our people told the fisheries officers, 'Go ahead and cut your pine. We'll use them right back.' Our people are at the point of frustration that they're saying, 'To hell with it. We've been slaves in our own country long enough. We've been pushed around long enough and we're not going back if anyone. I see young people, 20- and 30-year-olds, who have lived on welfare since they left school. And they're just not prepared to live like that any longer.'"

They may be. Paul Tennant, an associate professor of political science at the University of British Columbia and a specialist in aboriginal issues, told Mc-

lean's "At the present rate, it would take more than 100 years to settle outstanding Indian land claims in Canada. There is a strong belief among Indians that the promises are not to be trusted, that they have an assimilationist point of view, that they don't see Indians as separate people." The provinces have a major role in the land-claims issue, although reserve lands are under federal jurisdiction, non-reserve Crown lands belong to each separate province, which must agree before Ottawa can transfer the land to Indians.

One harsh critic of the provinces is Fred Lemmon, an Edmonton management consultant who became a convert to the native cause several years ago, while working for the Alberta Indian Association. Lemmon

has since taken up the cause of the Lakota Lake Cree band in northern Alberta, which was promised a reserve by Ottawa in 1847, but which never received it. In 1884, the World Council of Churches said development by the multinational oil companies could have "incalculable consequences" for the 300 members of the Lakota Lake band, said Lemmon. "They're fighting politically and legally, and they have been defending their homes with loaded rifles against provincial threats that their homes would be bulldozed if they continued to challenge provincial jurisdiction over those lands. Provincial government surveyors who came in there now are chased out physically. The Cree have their backs to the wall and there is no place else for them to go."

However, it is after midnight in the nearly deserted vaulted lobby of Edmonton's Ramada Renaissance hotel. Bernard Oviatt, legs crossed, sits on a richly upholstered Chesterfield beneath the stare of a hard security guard who scrutinizes the Jews and the Indian face under the baseball cap. But Bernard Oviatt is chief of the Lakota Cree and he stares right back. The security guard wanders away. Oviatt says, "It is on his way to a meeting of chiefs at Jasper, says, 'There is going to come a time when we have to decide whether we're going to hang in there, patience is trying to deal with these governments and the oil companies that are destroying the hunting, everything, or make our last fight and come at them. You might as well be dead as alive and useless.'"

For other Indian leaders, the future is not so bleak. Said George Erasmus, head of the Assembly of First Nations: "We are the dominant force in the northern part of most provinces. We're going to create political institutions there that will reflect our beliefs and our thinking. Within two decades it will be impossible to live in northern Canada and not be, to a certain extent, drawn into native society. Native people will have much to contribute over the next century. It's our turn."



Erasmus: 'we are the dominant force'

—BAC COVERED WITH KEN MACQUEEN AND MARIO LALANNE in Ottawa; JANE CHATRA, CLARE LICKWIS AND DENNIS FYSHERALD in Vancouver and correspondence reports

# THE INDEPENDENT INUIT

SPECIAL REPORT

In the Inuktitut Shop in Rankin Inlet, N.W.T., one Inuit woman in June 14 dark, almond-shaped eyes were mesmerized by a video-game screen, reflecting the brightly colored cartoon athletes competing for Olympic medals. The next morning the eyes of the seven Inuit boys were focused on a wider horizon. On snowmobiles, they journeyed the 30 km to the outer edge of the Hudson Bay shoreline to help their fathers shoot, skin and gut the seals they found waiting on the shore. A new generation ago, life at the fine edge or running the trackless tundra in search of caribou was the only life boys knew. That they still know it at all in what makes them perhaps the most fortunate of Canada's aboriginal people—tanned, shaped and, in a degree, built by white influence, but not yet smothered beneath its weight. To an extent undreamed of by thousands of Indians in the South, the 37,000 Inuit of the Northwest Territories can still do many of the things that make them Inuit: speak their language, hunt their game and—most importantly—make decisions about their future.

Those freedoms are much to a history based on geography. Vast, unpopulated distances, an incredibly harsh climate and a total absence of agricultural land rendered the Arctic almost entirely unfit for exploitation by the Europeans who prized the lush Indian lands in the rest of Canada. The result, according to Tagak Curley, an Inuk from Rankin Inlet and minister of economic development in the territorial government, is a crucial difference between Inuit and southern Indians: an unbroken relationship to the land, the way of life it fosters and the secure sense of identity it promotes. To underestimate the importance of these links to the Inuit, said Curley, is to misunderstand native people. "Our land has never been conquered. If it was, we would be wiped out of our culture. The Inuit are step out of our community so are in our historical environment. But not down south. Indian people have to cope with that. They were deprived of their wildlife, their land. But we have something that helped our people. Our environment is harsh. Who would want to live here?"

**Dislocation.** The answer is historically few, apart from the hardiest Hudson Bay traders, RCMP officers, missionaries and, more recently, nurses, teachers and administrators, few of whom stay long. Still, like the Tagak Curley have suffered dislocation. He remembers, however, the 1960s when his family moved 150 km to Coral Harbour from its camp on the north end of Southampton Island so that he, his brothers and sis-

ters could obey a government order to attend school.

For Curley, it was the beginning of a new opportunity. He used his education to become the founding president of the Inuit Tapscott of Canada, the political arm of Canada's Inuit, then president of the Inuit-owned Nauyas Development Corp., set up in the 1970s as a bridge to the world of business and to invest communal money from the settlement of Inuit land claims. But for the previous generation, the process of adjusting from a nomadic existence to living in a settlement was a shock to an Inuk. His father, said Curley, became more dependent, less whole. "From then on, his lifestyle was different. Traditional life was not as available as it used to be, and so he was forced to tie up his dog team for three or four months at a time."

**Violence.** Almost all Inuit now live in small communities that dot the Arctic coast from Tuktoyaktuk in the west to Frobisher Bay in the east. The move into settlements from the land has vastly improved life expectancy, although suicide and violence remain reasons for concern. Infant mortality, which 30 years ago was eight times the national rate, is now about 1½ times the figures for the country as a whole and slightly lower than that for Indians. Basic medical care is close at hand, and there are modern hospitals at Frobisher Bay, Yellowknife and Inuvik.

Modern Inuit life spans are longer, but whether they are better is a point many Inuit would argue. Floating conditions to improve, but overcrowding and poor sanitation are still in evidence. The federal government used to build tiny, one-room wood houses with only one entrance and the assumption that the Inuit would amass something resembling an igloo in the 1970s. The Northwest Territories Housing Corp. took over the job of providing homes and asked the Inuit what they wanted. Some requested a room with a flow drain so seals could be skinned and cut up indoors. Many wanted a small porch for seal storage and to provide windbreaks. The government agreed.

While providing work on the land for basic food and clothing is no longer necessary, both materials are expensive. At Spence Bay in June, seals was \$5 a liter. Bread cost \$3.30 a loaf, oranges \$3 a pound, a dozen eggs \$4.50 and a whole watermelon \$35. And psychopaths are difficult to come by. What work there is, typically, involves driving the water delivery truck for five hours, clerking at the Bay or working for the government. In some communities, unemployment hovers between 30

and 60 per cent. Further family dislocation results from the fact that Inuit children who want to continue high school after Grade 9 must go away to the territory's three regional high schools—in Frobisher Bay, Yellowknife or Inuvik. Many teenagers do not bother to go and end up trapped, unqualified for nontraditional jobs and uncertain if working the land.

**Disunity.** Another cause of family disunity is television programming imported from the South. The CBC pays the cost of serving all communities larger than 500, and the territorial government pays for satellite dishes in smaller settlements. As a result, nearly all Inuit have access to such Hollywood series as *Dallas* and *Armstrong Circle*, along with a weekly 30-minute magazine program in Inuktitut called *Tuprugat* (Our Shadows). The glamorous Hollywood products create high expectations among the young, many of whom abandon their language and culture and move south to

around long enough to get used to it, but not long enough to put back a renewable resource economy that people can fall back on." For Courvoisier, the way out of dependency toward cultural survival is greater control by Inuit over their own lives. She added: "When someone says, 'I want to practice my own culture,' it doesn't mean going back to freezing in igloos and hunting with bows and arrows. It means regaining the control we had over our lives before."

The potential is certainly there. Together with the Indians and Métis of the Mackenzie Valley, Inuit comprise about 60 per cent of the Northwest Territories population. Native people have used their majority to elect a legislature in which native members, including Curley and Courvoisier, outnumber non-native 14 to 10. That ensures a government that is far more sensitive to native needs than any provincial government is in the South. As a result, the government has adopted policies



Courvoisier no more igloos or bows and arrows



Self-help: Most Canadians' ignorance and contempt for Inuit, and give us what the others don't have.

try to emulate what they see on TV. The result for many is a crushing disappointment.

The Inuit culture is unique in some areas than others. That is particularly so in the Beaufort Sea area, where the massive search for oil prompted a greater dependency on wage-earning jobs than in the underpopulated eastern and central Arctic. Inuit leaders from Beaufort Sea communities were summoned as their first trip east to Baffin Island in 1963 to hear Inuit and white youngsters speaking Inuktitut together as they played in the Beaufort region, much larger contact with the white man has eroded both the use of Inuktitut and the Inuit's pride in speaking it.

There are new problems in the Beaufort Sea area as well. Many of the high-wage jobs on the oil rigs have disappeared because of lower world oil prices. Beaufort-region assembly members Nellie Courvoisier declared "People are used to big wages now. They have been

designed to give native people more control over decisions made in the North.

**Chances.** The ideal of co-operation is embodied in the still-crowded Inuit clubs to the central, eastern and high Arctic, about one million square miles. They are making a name in how the land and wildlife will be used, ownership of some of the land and a compensation package. Most observers think they have a good chance of success. Courvoisier says she is convinced that the Inuit can count on Canadian goodwill in the settlement of outstanding claims to a degree that Indians perhaps cannot. "They [the Inuit] are more and more the Inuit," she said, "and give us status the others don't have. Canadians like to talk about an ending frontiers and living in the cold. It gives Canada something that other countries don't have. Everybody likes the Inuit."

—BOB KALE, in Inuktitut

# WHITE MAN'S PASSION

SPECIAL REPORT

Probably no white man in Canada has a better understanding of aboriginal people and their fight for survival than former British Columbia Supreme Court Justice Thomas R. Berger. Since 1975, when he was named commissioner of the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline Inquiry, 55-year-old Berger has been deeply involved in native issues. He spoke with Maclean's Senior Writer Rae Corliss in the former commissioner's Vancouver law office.

**Maclean's:** How would you characterize the way in which the white man has regarded Indians historically?

**Berger:** Well, for 500 years since 1492 we have proceeded on the assumption that we were entitled to occupy the New World and the question has been, "What about the rights of the people who were here when we came?" The Spaniards sought to exterminate them, and the attempt is put an end to their distinctive culture and identity has gone on ever since. In this country, our whole inclination has been to try to assimilate them. This was the message the schools—whether church schools or secular schools—gave to Indian people and to their children, by telling them, "Fear people who have culture worth remembering. You will be taught about our past and our history."

**Maclean's:** Is that the current policy?

**Berger:** It isn't. But it takes a while to establish a system of Indian education that does justice to the idea of preserving their cultural heritage, their history, together with ours. Native people know that they must learn about the things that our children learn about in school. That involves studying mathematics and science and how to be literate in English. In addition, they believe that their children should learn about their own past, about their own people, learn who they are and not just about the kings and queens of England. It seems to me that you really can't function in our society or any society unless you know who you are.

**Feenstra Lake schoolchildren:** Our mistake has been to think of them as fixed in amber.



**Maclean's:** But they say they know who they were. They say they had no trouble with that proposition until we came along and disoriented them by destroying their lifestyle.

**Berger:** We came up with a new scheme for Indian people every 30 years. We've always anticipated that as the old Indians still believe that they're Indians and not white men with brown skins.

**Maclean's:** Do we have to recognize that what they want is to work and live in their own language and follow their traditional lifestyles?

**Berger:** Well, that's a bit too stagnant because, of course, you can't do that. You just can't. Even if you're living in a village in the Arctic archipelago, you can't just say, "Stop the world, I want to get off." So it's something out of a fair accommodation between two societies. Our mistake has always been to think of them as fixed in amber—people who want to put an end to their distinctive culture regarded it as fixed in amber so they think it has no place in modern life. Many who want to protect their think of them in the same way and want to preserve them in a kind of aboriginal folk museum. Well, the native people will resist the former, and they won't thrive under the latter.

**Maclean's:** What are some of the common misconceptions about Indians that the average white man has?

**Berger:** I think that we believe they don't want to be Indians. That they would rather be white men, and that simply isn't true. In any event, I think we continually underestimate the tenaciousness of the Indian culture. As a lawyer, I represented Indian bands and then I spent three years in the Canadian Arctic, two years in Alaska and now I am representing the Métis in Manitoba. So I think I have seen the whole picture. We just keep waiting for Indian identity to disappear and Indian culture to vanish and it doesn't. Nor will it. And that, I think, is our principal misconception. These people were here before we came. They are here to stay. I often have the feeling in some of these villages that some of the old folks look at us making meetings there and they think, "Well, here's another white man. They've come, but one of these days they'll be gone." We just don't understand how deeply rooted their culture is and how freely they believe in their own identity as Indians, Inuit and Métis. And their numbers are growing faster than any other group in Canada.

**Maclean's:** What do they think of white people?

**Berger:** They think that we are people who have a hell of a time understanding their point of view. I remember one old woman who said, "I have to laugh when I think about the white man's idea that each person owns the land, and



Berger in Alaska: The Indians still believe that they're Indians and not white men with brown skins.

that if you own the land you can sell it. How could that be? God gave us the land to keep for future generations. We can't sell it, but the white man thinks you can."

**Maclean's:** What other kinds of things do we do, what kind of things do we preach, that natives find difficult to accept?

**Berger:** The fact that we have difficulty accepting the idea that for many native people, living in villages in rural Canada, subsistence hunting and fishing is part of their sense of who they are. Now, the conflicts over hunting and fishing are not going to be easy to resolve. You have recreational hunting and fishing and people who think that they are entitled to a share of the harvest because they like to go out on weekends and shoot a mouse or crack a salmon. It's not essential to putting food on the table, and it isn't a communal activity. We had to find a concept that for native people it is something fundamental to the way they see themselves. It's something you do—hunt and fish—if you're an Indian. And you do it in most places because you have to do it to put food on the table.

**Maclean's:** Is there a lack of respect for the Indian way of life?

**Berger:** Yes, because we are Western and we see the most self-centred people on earth and we don't respect any other cultures or any other way of life. I mean, when we go to the Third World, we denigrate their cultures. Who would want to live like this? Why are these people so poor? That's our attitude to every other culture in the world. We think the culture of the West is bound to become the universal culture of the world, that everyone will adopt it, that we are the people who represent progress—where mankind is headed is toward the ground we occupy.

**Maclean's:** Sometimes it appears as though whites tend to

force native people to do things their way. Is that a realistic perception?

**Berger:** We're nice people, and we want to do the right thing. We're generous and all the other things that we say about ourselves to make ourselves feel good. But we don't have any true regard for other cultures and it isn't just native culture. It's every other culture in the world. We think of the people in China or in India, really, as a bunch of savages. "Why don't they pull themselves together?" The only people for whom we have developed a true regard are the Japanese, and of course that is because we think that they have become like us. They thought everything we believe in, as they're okay, and they have demonstrated that they can make better cars, so there must be something in their culture that is pretty important.

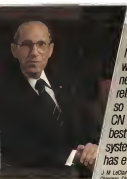
**Maclean's:** It seems to have become part of our philosophy that if we throw enough money at an Indian problem it will go away.

**Berger:** Yes, that's right. But that's our attitude to most problems, isn't it? For the Indians, there are problems of poor people growing up who don't know who they are. And quite apart from the fact that they cannot engage in their traditional way of life, hunting and fishing, they haven't come from a background that enables them to thrive in our schools. So they feel cornered—and nobody can wave a magic wand and solve it.

**Maclean's:** How long do you think it will take to work the problem out?

**Berger:** A long time. But just as important as what native people are trying to do is what goes on in our own heads. We can be the most obtuse people on earth, because we think that our culture is the centre of the universe. ☐

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*Responding to  
the Challenge*

Last May, during a preview performance of *Henry VIII* at the Stratford Festival, Vancouver's **Geoffrey Mitchell**, who was making his debut at the Ontario Festival as Anne Boleyn, dislocated her kneecap. Bessie Mitchell, the daughter of America's senior **Caspar Mitchell**, "I came bounding on stage, and my 10,000 perfumers sent me flying. I got up and felt something snap. Luckily we were doing a party scene, so I played it as though I'd had too much to drink and moved very slowly." Since then Mitchell, 20, has been rehearsing in a wheelchair for her role as Margaret More in *A Man for All Seasons*, opening on July 16. But last week she exchanged the chair for what she called "the fashioniest crutches I've ever seen." She says that Henry's wardrobe assistant, **Arne Dixon**, upholstered them with the brocade and velvet from the Boleyn costume. Added a delighted Mitchell, "They even have fake pearls running down each side."

With the help of whatever equipment is on hand—braces, leeches, even of tomato paste—Brooklyn body builder **Alex Steinfield**, 27, appears in the sci-fi movie *RoboCop* as **Priscilla Frisley**, Margot Kidder and **Della Milder**. Declared Steinfield, "I like to treat everybody like I've all back in high school," and he added that he especially enjoys telling **Steven Spielberg** and **Marion Ford**—"people who are used to getting writers all day"—what to do. But when he went to Los Angeles seven years ago, and

Steinfeld, Kidder: catty workmate



Dixon: writing screenplays to be in them

Steinfeld, "my whole ambition was to become Mr. America. I knew Arnold Schwarzenegger."

Two years ago **Geena Davis** played a *Ramsey* spy in a TV movie filmed in Montreal. She says it was her first and, she hoped, her last experience with a Canadian winter. But during the past winter Davis found herself knee-deep in the snows of Kleinfeld, Ont., filming **David Cronenberg's** remake of *The Fly*, due to be released next month. Davis, 28, says she is determined to gain control over her career: "I have bought the rights to a book and I'm writing a screenplay. The reason I want to write screenplays is to be in them." She added that she wrote a script for TV's 1988-1989 comedy series *Difficile* and noted, "It was the one episode I had a really big part in."

In 1983 Rhode Island aristocrat **Giles von Bulow** was convicted of attempting to kill his wife, **Martha (Gunny) von Bulow**, with overdoses of insulin. Von Bulow later won a reversal in an appeal argued by Harvard law professor **Alan**

**Dershowitz**, 47, who also served as defense counsel at the trial last year that was won **Bilow** an acquittal. Dershowitz, author of the new book *Reversal of Fortune*, says that, although he is now convinced von Bulow was framed, at first he thought he was guilty—and he did not think his acting as counsel was in von Bulow's best interests. Declared Dershowitz, "I said, 'Geez, I'm not a humble lawyer. You need somebody who is more badly-buddy, who gets facts.' And he said, 'Look, I had one of those fellows at the first trial—and I lost.'"

Actress and singer **Pia Zadora** says that when she launched her nightclub act at the Royal York Hotel's Imperial Room in Toronto last fall, the warm reception gave her the confidence she needed for her triumphant Jan. 26 debut at Carnegie Hall. New Zadora says, "I really feel that I am coming into my own, professionally and personally." She added that she is working on some new material which involves her daughter,

**Katy**, 17 months. "I do this number, *The Lady in a Tramp*, with a bus and a microphone, and Katy comes in, grabs the bus and the mike and belts out the song. It's so funny." Zadora, 38, said that she would like to have another daughter and confided, "I think girls are the best. I put a good word in with the stars about it, so we'll see what happens."

Until recently **Victoria, B.C.'s David Foster**, 36, has been best-known as the Grammy award-winning composer and producer who works with such superstars as **Barbra Streisand**, **Kenny Rogers**, **Donna Summer** and **Paul McCartney**. But now that his first solo album as a performer is in the air, Foster says he is attracting attention from

young fans that is usually reserved for rock stars. In *Brantford, Ont.*, recently to participate in the *Wayne Gatzert Celebrity Tennis Classic*, Foster noted that the groupies were screaming so loudly for him as they were the first head **Philly Phan Biowide**. "It baffles me," and Foster, adding, "Maybe they like me because of all the people I work with."

—Edited by RABY REIFER

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The French bark Belen sails past Lady Liberty, dressed for the party in Manhattan. Delivery: bangles and bachelors.

## 'She's everybody's gal'

**A** parties go, this one was a beest-beating, tear-streaming, star-studded, red-white-and-blue bash. New York harbor was jammed with an impressive armada of ships both tall and small, while lower Manhattan teemed with huddled masses who may have breathed free but paid dearly for all manner of schmaltz.

From Statue of Liberty T-shirts and teddy bears to a \$250,000 gold-silver-and-crystal model of Manhattan. They had all come to celebrate the statue's 100th birthday and \$10 million revenues in a burst of hoopla, bookstores—and unabashed patriotism. Finally, as darkness descended on July 5, a flock of Ronald Reagan's finger sent a flood of laser light from Governor's Island across the harbor to Lady Liberty, all doped up with a fresh facelift and a new torch. "She's everybody's gal,"

Reagan crowed as fireworks flared overhead and tens of millions of Americans watched on television.

And that was only the beginning of the \$16-million extravaganza. French President François Mitterrand, the only foreign official invited by Reagan to attend the Liberty celebration, was on hand to deliver a "fraternal greet-

ing" from France, which gave the statue to the United States a century ago. Reagan bestowed the newly crowned Model of Liberty on a parade of immigrants including comedian Bob Hope, musician Itzhak Perlman and architect I.M. Pei, and entertainment was provided by the likes of Frank Sinatra and Michael Biehn.

Two days earlier Canadians in New York held their own star-filled Canada Day celebration under 12 white tents at the city's trendy South Street Seaport. Sponsored by the Canadian consulate—and funded mainly by banks and companies that do business in the United States—the \$90,000 (U.S.) party, titled "Canada Salutes Lady Liberty," featured such expatriate Canadian luminaries as Larry Green, Rick Little and Michael J. Fox. Film director Norman Jewison said that the statue "symbolizes the opportunities each of us were given when we came here with our green cards." And in the evening's one political note, a dinner contest was held to a song reflecting current U.S.-Canada trade tensions. "The Shave's Simple."

—BOB LEVIN with MARGIE McDONALD in Washington



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## THE UNITED STATES

# Two contentious rulings

On Aug. 3, 1992, an Atlanta, Ga., police officer went to the home of Michael Hardwick to serve him with a warrant for failing to pay a fine for public drunkenness levied on by another man, the policeman came upon Hardwick, 25, engaging in oral sex with a third man. He charged the pair with sodomy, which, under an 1816 Georgia law, is a felony carrying a jail term of up to 20 years. Although

court's decision would be used to justify discrimination against homosexuals Ron Najman, spokesman for the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force in New York City, noted that the ruling "will energize the gay-rights movement in a way that will knock people's socks off." Homosexuals were not the only ones with possible cause for concern: the court declined to rule on whether the Constitution protected



Homosexual marchers in New York: invoking state laws and social taboos

the case was never prosecuted, Hardwick challenged the law as the ground that it violated his right to privacy. In May, 1986, a federal appeals court in Atlanta agreed, declaring the anti-sodomy law unconstitutional. But Georgia officials appealed the ruling to the U.S. Supreme Court. And last week, by a 5 to 4 margin, the high court upheld the Georgia law, finding that homosexuals have no constitutional right to engage in sodomy—even in the privacy of their own homes.

The controversial decision not only divided the court but outraged gay-rights groups and civil libertarians. Writing for the majority, Justice Byron White maintained that prescription against homosexual sodomy have "ancient roots" and that, until 1962, all 50 states outlawed it. (It is still illegal in 26 states.) But in a strong dissent, Justice Harry Blackmun argued that the court refused to recognize "the fundamental interest all individuals have in controlling the nature of their intimate associations with others."

Gay activists predicted that the

homosexual acts of sodomy—size outlawed in Georgia and 18 other states.

Two days after the sodomy decision, the Supreme Court again waded into contentious waters in two separate decisions involving a New York City labor union and the Cleveland, Ohio, fire department. The court endorsed the use of affirmative action programs to remedy past discrimination against minorities. The two decisions dealt a serious setback to the Reagan administration, which views affirmative action as a form of reverse discrimination against whites and has mounted an aggressive campaign against it. Bol Benjamin Hooks, executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, applauded the rulings as "a significant rebuke" to the administration's "persistent efforts to destroy affirmative action." In any case, it was clear that the decisions on affirmative action—and on homosexual sodomy—would remain controversial for some time to come.

—BOB LEVIN with correspondent reports

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Shamir (left) with Peres: an attempted coverup in the name of security

## INDEX

**O**re member of the Israeli Parliament denounced the two Arabs as nothing more than "Biblical terrorists" but just weeks the memory of Majid and Sabhi Abu-Jana has haunted Israel's top politicians and

ward the Labor-Labor coalition government. After failing a 1984 box-jumping, Israeli authorities claimed all four Palestinian hijackers were killed in the raid. But news photographs showed the bodies of three of the hijackers, members of Shin Bet, the Israeli domestic intelligence service. Last month Israeli newspapers implicated the government in covering up the heinous deaths of the two men while in Shin Bet's custody, and many Labor politicians, including the prime minister, were led, with members, revealed that

any inquiry could justify national actions by exposing the inner workings of Shin Bet. In the cabinet of the former Foreign Minister and Likud Leader Yitzhak Shalom, who as prime minister had ordered the shurgas, was responsible for Shin Bet.

Under the 1984 Likud-Labor power-sharing agreement, Shalom is due to take over as prime minister in the coalition led by Labor's Shimon Peres in October in an effort to defuse the crisis, the oldest last month persuaded Shalom to resign. He was accused of complicity in Shin Bet's chief Avraham Shalom—accused of ordering the hi-

Meanwhile, an estimate put of \$60 million conducted by the daily newspaper *Habeset* showed that 71 per cent oppose a full-scale inquiry and favor an immediate end to the shurgas. At least 50 per cent say that in the event of a state commission, Shin Bet should not be investigated. Some experts claim that Peres, faced with this popular sentiment, is unwilling to compromise the coalition and favor a deflection of the issue—even in the face of criticism within his own party.

Shalom's critics know that if he goes to the voters on this issue the Likud will not win an

— PETER KOPPELMAN with correspondence  
inquiries

## Challenging a dictator

**D**uring a two-day general strike declared by opponents of Chilean President Augustín Pinochet last week, some people were shot dead and more than 600 arrested in what strike leaders said was the biggest anti-government protest since the 1973 military coup that brought Pinochet to power. Hundreds of thousands of Santiago residents stayed away from work as public transportation was disrupted and numerous bank explosions around the capital. Dr. Juan Luis Gutiérrez, the leader of the strike, told the Chilean Assembly that organized the strike, and the work stoppage was even more successful than anticipated. "For the first time in the past 12 years," he declared, "the people of this country have stood up and been united, and that is one thing historic."

The C. P. Assembly called the strike to prove the armed forces are talkers not as orderly transition to democracy. But Pinochet, 70, has repeatedly issued calls to stop those before his term expires in 1990. Last week Pinochet brought charges of inciting disorder against 17 strike organizers and two magazine editors. He ordered four radio stations to limit broadcasts to music, commercials and government pronouncements. As well, he unleashed rioting troops and riot police to what some observers said was the largest show of military force since mass protests began in recent three years ago.

According to witnesses, several people were killed by grenades in plain clothes while others, including a 13-year-old girl, were shot by military patrols. A German television crew filming disturbances in Stockholm's inner district of La Valeria said an air force soldier opened fire on them without warning, spraying their car with buckshot and wounding their Citroën driver. And two human rights organizations, Amnesty International and American Watch, called for an investigation into reports that a military patrol beat two teenagers, soaked them in a flammable liquid and set them afire. Both victims were reported to be in critical condition.

Despite the strike leaders' claim of success, the government characterized the action as a "total failure" and accused the protesters of violence and vandalism. "What Chile expects is seriousness and responsibility," said Pinochet, "not anarchy and revolutions." ☐

## COLOMBIA

## The Pope on tour



Pope John Paul, 'justice'

Since his election in 1978, Pope John Paul II has traveled to more countries than any pontiff in history. Last week the Pope embarked on a week-long 11-city tour of Colombia, his 20th trip abroad and seventh to Latin America. Pope John Paul's return to Latin America is no surprise: population experts estimate that, by the end of the century, a majority of the world's Roman Catholics will be living there. In a keynote speech to political and business

leaders in Bogotá's ornate presidential palace the Pope, 66, urged his audience to seek solutions to the myriad problems facing the troubled continent, including political violence, massive debt, social inequality and foreign interference in domestic affairs. "The social conflict has grown to a worldwide dimension," Pope Paul said, "and the need for justice and solidarity between rich and poor people is a priority." The pontiff also urged Colombia's leftist guerrillas to end 39 years of violence and pursue the cause of "reconciliation and peace."

## LEBANON

## Releasing a hostage

For American Steven Donahue, a 39-month ordeal in the hands of Lebanese kidnappers ended last week when he was released to U.S. Embassy officials in Christian Beirut. Donahue told reporters that his family had paid about \$400,000 for his release. "I was held for egoistic reasons, not political," said Donahue, "and the big danger for me was that they were going to turn me over to a political group." According to British writer Anthony Henderson, he and Donahue were researching a book on the Lebanese narcotics trade when they were abducted by drug traffickers. Henderson-Guest was released the next day while Donahue remained captive. But Donahue's wife, Johanna, said her husband was working for the U.S. government following his 1984 arrest in New Jersey for smuggling hashish from Lebanon. At the time, Beirut newspapers said Donahue was cited by right-wing Lebanese Christian drug dealers who suspected him of working for the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency. In Washington, the state department said that Donahue's abduction was not related to the kidnappings of five other Americans held by the Islamic Jihad (Holy War) group.

## SOUTH AFRICA

## Escalating tensions

After three weeks of government by emergency law South Africa's white-minority regime said last week that it would prosecute 700 of the estimated 3,000 people arrested without charge or explanation since Pretoria proclaimed the emergency on June 12. The black-led, 500,000-member Congress of South African Trade Unions threatened undefined "effective measures" if the government refused to release union members

held under the legislation. Meanwhile, a bomb explosion on Friday in a white area of Pretoria left as many as 20 people injured, and earlier in the week separate explosions in Cape Town and Johannesburg wounded a black woman and nine whites, including a two-week-old baby. Under emergency laws, black guerrilla violence against whites has resulted in 32 urban bombings, leaving three people dead and more than 100 injured. Guerrillas of the outlawed African National Congress have in the past sporadically attacked white areas. But the latest campaign has heightened fears. Said a diplomat: "It is bringing the emergency home to whites."

## POLAND

## A vote for the general

Boosted by his re-election last week as the unexpected first secretary of Poland's ruling Communist Party and the choice of a largely loyalist Politburo, Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski was in a magisterial mood. At a news conference following the close of the party's 10th congress, Jaruzelski hinted at a new amnesty for political prisoners and expressed the government's desire to host Polish-born Pope John Paul II next year. "There have been two visits already and there will be a third," said the general. "We have to talk to him so that the visit best serves the good of our nation, state and peace." The congress dismissed four workers who served on the outgoing Politburo and elected three army generals—a reassignment that consolidated Jaruzelski's grip on the party apparatus. And in a reference to Jaruzelski's efforts to rebuild the Polish Communist Party since the critical challenges to its authority by the now-banned Solidarity trade union in 1980, Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev sent a telegram congratulating Jaruzelski for his "political foresight and great part in leading Poland out of crisis."

## ITALY

## A political dilemma



Craxi, no strings

One week after the resignation of Italian Prime Minister Bettino Craxi following his government's defeat on a local finance bill, President Francesco Cossiga last week appointed a mediator to help solve the political crisis. Senate President Amintore Fanfani, 74, who has been prime minister five times, was assigned to begin negotiations with Craxi's fractured five-party coalition this week. At issue is a long-standing feud between Craxi's Socialist party—elected three years in office made it Italy's longest-serving government—and the Christian Democrats, the largest group in the coalition. During negotiations last week the Christian Democrats indicated that they would allow Craxi to complete his five-year term if he agreed to enter the 1988 elections on a united five-party platform with a Christian Democrat as prime minister. Craxi's resistance on leading the coalition with no strings attached, however, left little room for compromise. Observers said it was now up to the veteran Fanfani to help forge Italy's 48th postwar government.

## Has. Has not.



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The Dundas Mill Road property. Sarles (below) later inspired funding and concern about development management

## BUSINESS/ECONOMY

# A pension fund mystery

For decades Canadian pension funds—currently with total assets of nearly \$130 billion—have built an impressive record of returns but profitable performance. In recent years demographic and economic changes have begun to alter some (one-handed) pension plan practices. As funds have become bloated with cash from a maturing workforce, fund managers in search of promising investment opportunities have increasingly turned to a field once largely abandoned by pension plans—real estate. But the Canadian real estate market is also a powerful magnet for offshore investors seeking a long-term return for their money—as well as for high-risk speculators in search of quick profits. As a result, pension fund managers have become players in a highly competitive and sometimes risky marketplace.

In a dramatic example of the potential hazards of real estate investing, Montreal-based Bell Canada Enterprises Inc. (BCE) has become embroiled in lawsuits and a wide-ranging internal investigation following the collapse of a multi-million-dollar real estate deal between BCE pension funds and a Toronto development firm earlier this year. Intriguingly, several of the people contacted by

Maclean's reporters during a three-month investigation said they feared for their safety as a result of recent events in the real estate business.

The Maclean's investigation uncovered details of a series of property deals that provide a fascinating insight into the arcane world of real estate speculation—and the BCE telephone and telecommunications conglomerate's unusual involvement in it. The property transactions were handled by one of a number of companies, which is a customary practice. In one case, questions remain about the ultimate disposal of a \$3.1-million profit that apparently was realized in that transaction.

Neatly trimmed lawn, a backdrop of trees and nearby parkland provide a serene setting for the system matrix and glass office blocks at 250 and 260 Dundas Mill Road. But the location, in an isolated commercial corridor that runs through the Toronto sub-

urbane city of North York, is unimpressive with many who work there. Road traffic is extremely heavy on the highways that crisscross the area, and there are few shops or restaurants. When the two buildings were sold last September for a total of \$33.1 million, most price seemed reasonable in an area that some real estate experts consider to have an uncertain future. But the speculators who bought the buildings were convinced that they could make money on the deal—and they did. Three months later they sold the properties for \$32.2 million. The purchaser, Bencor Inc., a BCE subsidiary that manages the roughly \$6 billion worth of investments for the pension funds of BCE and its subsidiaries.

As a venture into the world of speculative real estate, the Dundas Mill Road investment appeared to be at odds with the meticulously cautious approach to investment followed by most pension funds. But that was only one of the pos-

sible elements in the deal. At the heart of the mystery was the profit ultimately earned by the owners who bought the properties—a group that included Toronto stock trader Andrew Sarles and two others. On paper, they appeared to have cleaned a \$9.1-million profit. But some participants in the deal told Maclean's that Bencor apparently transferred as much as \$7 million of the purchase price into a reserve account to provide income to the pension fund if the buildings failed to attract tenants. But another participant in one of the transactions, Peter Asher, then president of the development firm Markborough Properties Ltd., said, "There has to be something to justify that higher price." Still another participant in the deal told Maclean's: "I know what you are thinking. I hope you are not right."

According to one investor in the deal, the idea of buying and reselling the Dundas Mill Road properties originated with a New York real estate entrepreneur, Lou Charles Connors. That the Dundas Mill buildings could be bought cheaply and resold for a profit, Charles approached Sarles, a brilliant Toronto entrepreneur—a high-risk, high-growth stock speculator. With his partner in Sarles & Sukerman Ltd., Barry Sukerman, Sarles makes investments on behalf of the Trusthouse Fairly and other wealthy Canadian investors. Intrigued by Charles's proposal, Sarles approached a Toronto real estate investor and consultant, Ronald Graham, who reportedly agreed that the two Dundas Mill properties were a sound investment. Sarles decided to help finance the deal, and it went ahead.

The owner of the building at 250 Dundas Mill Road was Markborough Properties Inc. In a recent interview, Asher, Markborough's president at the time of the sale, told Maclean's that he was mystified by some aspects of the deal with Sarles's group. Asher said that during negotiations, he heard the impression that Bencor was to be the final purchaser of the Dundas Mill properties. When he asked why the transaction was going through middlemen, he said Charles told him, "This is the way Bell does it." According to another participant, the Sarles group agreed during negotiations with Bencor to take a profit of between \$2 million and \$3 million, while \$6 million to \$7 million would be set aside by Bell as a contingency fund for the properties. But real estate experts contacted by

Maclean's said that such an arrangement would be unusual, if it meant that Bencor was taking the risk of buying an expensive property without an assurance of future tenants. If, indeed, the deal provided for such a contingency fund, Bencor may have paid as much as \$65,000 in Ontario land transfer taxes that otherwise could have been avoided. For their part, officials at BCE repeatedly refused to discuss the transaction with Maclean's.



De Grandpre: annoyed over a public embarrassment

At the Montreal headquarters of Bencor, BCE's accountants, Teesha Ross & Co., have been carrying out a sweeping audit following the collapse last January of a deal involving a former Simpson's Ltd. warehouse property located in North York. But insiders also told Maclean's that Bencor directors had already asked the Toronto accounting firm of Peat Marwick Mainquist Haines to send its investigators to examine the management of pension funds at Bencor and other BCE subsidiaries, including the pension fund for BCE's manufacturing arm, Northern Telecom Canada Ltd. The new lawyers intervened at the last moment to prevent Bencor from spending \$3 million for the former Simpson's warehouse property. The lawyers were concerned that Bencor had agreed to acquire the

20-acre property from a development firm, Harus Land Development Inc., on the same day that the developments were scheduled to buy it for \$35.5 million—a transaction known as real estate circles as a "flip," which in this case would have netted Harus a quick profit of \$75 million. BCE then cancelled and subsequently voided "this case" Bencor's \$425,000-a-year president, Selim Anter, and its vice-president in charge of real estate, Christopher Morgan. Last month BCE appointed a new president of Bencor—John Blumenthal, former chief executive officer of Genstar Financial Corp., a subsidiary of San Francisco-based Genstar Corp., a financial, real estate and building conglomerate.

BCE is clearly alarmed by the possibility of serious irregularities in its pension funds. David Orr, an assistant vice-president for corporate relations at BCE, told Maclean's that the company gave the auditors as much cooperation as it could. "We told them, 'Go ahead and look at everything and anything until you feel you are satisfied on the details of all transactions within the activities of Bencor,' which extend across a number of areas." Orr also insisted that "no one in there any suggestion of the security of people's pensions being imperilled—absolutely none at all." He declined to say whether investigations had found evidence of mismanagement or fraud. But Orr said: "We not even sure we've come to any conclusions at this point."

Maclean's has learned that Bencor's about control over management—particularly in the Northern Telecom fund—had hardened over the past 18 months within the BCE organization. At the same time, bitter internal brooding broke out over control by Bencor take over management of the Northern Telecom fund. Last summer Bruce Craig, who since 1979 had spearheaded Northern Telecom's aggressive real estate activities as assistant vice-president, pension funds, left over policy differences. Craig now works in a real estate subsidiary for the Greenman brothers' Edmonton-based Triple Five Corp. Ltd., a development company that built, among other things, the West Edmonton Mall. He was replaced by Morgan, who moved to Toronto after a lengthy legal case over management of the Northern fund at the beginning of this year.

According to former executives of Bencor and Northern, one senior North-



the executive who presented leasing material of the \$1.1-billion pension fund to Bencor vowed to "just" Anter. As well, they said that Anter had an obsessive personality and a penchant for launch firing which offended other executives. But according to Anter, Bell officials simply did not understand the real estate business. "Bell is the simple business of running a telephone company," Anter told Moskowitz. "When you get into a fierce real estate battle, it's another world."

The first ostensible sign of Bell's problems surfaced in March, soon after Meron had filed a damage claim for \$30 million in the Supreme Court of Ontario over the aborted Simpson's property sale. A spokesman for Meron told reporters in March that the firm was entitled to make an extraordinary profit in the sale to Bencor because it had arranged for the Simpson's site to be developed as a shopping centre. The centre was to be built around the first Ontario outlet of Super Carnival Food Stores Ltd., a chain of high-volume supermarkets operated in Quebec by Joseph Bernett, a billionaire Toronto land developer and food wholesaler.

Bennett, 56, is currently on trial in the Ontario Superior Court in Stouffville, Ont., on charges that he and a company allegedly controlled by him evaded more than \$5 million in income taxes between 1971 and 1974. The Crown has alleged that Bennett concealed income in bank accounts and bootlegging entries in the files of John Pauline, the Crown has also introduced evidence in the Stouffville trial to show that Pauline, who died last year, has been linked with the notorious U.S. crime figure Meyer Lansky. Bennett has denied that he had any links with Meyer. However, Maron's president, Henry Pichman, was once vice-president of a firm headed by Joseph Bennett's brother Jack. As well, Super Carnival Food Stores had lent Maron \$5.5 million to help make the original purchase of the Simpson's warehouse site.

Despite Maron's claims, some real estate experts say they are skeptical that its development plan were enough to justify a \$27.5-million price increase. According to the president of a Toronto real estate investment firm, the original price of \$15.5 million that Maron paid for the property was fair, if a "little aggressive." But the value added before the aborted sale to Bencor—the shopping centre arrangements—should have justified only a "marginal" increase, say \$40 million. "The value of \$20 million Maron was ready to pay last week, five months after that deal collapsed, the property was still for sale."

Investigators examining the deal here, in any case, lost one valuable source of information. In March, Gary

Smith, 42, a corporate lawyer with the prestigious Toronto firm of Weir and Reid, was found dead at the bottom of an empty swimming pool in his partly converted downtown Toronto home. At the time Smith, who in the past has



Simpson's warehouse in North York; two fringes and a \$30-million lawsuit

represented Bennett, had been acting for Maron. His body was discovered a day after he was quoted in Toronto newspapers concerning the lawsuit. Toronto police immediately launched an



Milner: signs of trouble and an 'air of phantoms'

investigation, but had not yet told Moskowitz that they had not yet decided whether Smith, known to be a heavy drinker, died accidentally or as a victim of foul play.

But, in a statement of defence filed

before the Supreme Court of Ontario in April, described Maron's proposed deal with Bencor as "unconscionable." It declared that Maron's senior executives would not have approved the deal if they had known of the involvement of "the



Simpson's warehouse in North York; two fringes and a \$30-million lawsuit

Bennett family, its associates or related corporations as vendors." That statement puzzled some observers, because Bencor subsidiary Northern Telecom is a part-owner of Bennett-operated shopping plazas in Quebec and the Maritimes.

For his part, the 42-year-old Anter, in a separate action filed last month, claimed that his dismissal by Bennett was "arbitrary, malicious and totally without just cause." He is demanding about \$4 million in compensation for wrongful dismissal as well as damages and costs. A Turkish-born money manager who joined Bell Canada as a financial analyst in 1968, Anter became manager of Bell's pension fund in 1976 and in 1982 was named the first president of Bencor, the newly created firm set up to manage investments for the pension funds of Bell and other subsidiaries.

An uncle of Bencor, Anter engineered Bencor's takeover last year of the cash-strapped Vancouver property development firm Duce Development Corp. (now BDC Development Corp.) In his statement of claim, Anter said that when he arrived at his Montreal

office on Feb. 3, he was summoned to the six boardrooms and told that he was being suspended with pay during an investigation of certain real estate transactions involving alleged substantial profits for vendors—"suggesting that there was more than one problem deal. Anter's statement also noted that in addition to his base salary in 1980 of \$108,000, he earned \$100,000 in bonuses and another \$100,000 in benefits.

But before the aborted Simpson's warehouse deal triggered stern action by BDC senior management, senior BDC executives had begun to register their concern. According to industry sources, vice chairman Jean de Grandpré was annoyed when a Bencor property deal in downtown Montreal led to a public embarrassment for the corporation. A proposal to build a \$40-million hotel office on land assembled at the prestigious corner of Sherbrooke and Crescent Streets ran into strong opposition from anti-development groups and was shelved last January. In the meantime, senior Bell executives began taking a closer look at other real estate investments.

"There was a log list of properties we were worried about," a Bell director told Moskowitz. "There was a string of real estate transactions that were bought by the more individuals and companies and sold a few months later. We had to do something." By then, said an executive who had worked under Craig and Morgan at Northern Telecom but who has since left, the mood of suspicion in the company had created "a definite air of paranoia."

In its investigations, Moskowitz learned of a number of real estate investments by the two funds that appeared to reflect a higher level of risk than is customary for pension funds.

In late 1981 the Northern Telecom pension fund paid \$25.5 million for a one-third interest in a small city block in downtown Calgary, while the pension was chasing property values in Western Canada to plug the net. The property was purchased from Family Life Assurance Co. (now Sovereign Life Assurance Co. of Canada) which, it is alleged, was a subsidiary a year earlier. But only \$1.5 million on the whole block. Northern later increased its interest in the property, which comprises three buildings

and a parking lot, to 50 per cent. "The present prospects for that land," said George Swain, manager for Kiewit Realty Ltd. in Calgary, "do not in my opinion justify the price paid in 1981."

In May, 1982, Bencor and Northern were major participants in the \$16.3-million purchase of a Bencor-owned shopping centre at Thornhill, Ont., north of Toronto. Real estate experts, including former Northern Telecom employees, told Moskowitz that the two funds took a majority interest in the property, which was losing money at the time. A Toronto real estate analyst said the transaction was "just not worth over this deal," adding, "it was very high price to pay for a shopping centre with a history of problems."



Bennett: a supervisor and an aborted real estate deal

In 1984, Northern—operating through a subsidiary now called Northern Realty Corp. Ltd.—bought shopping malls, or interest in malls, in Kanasago, New Westminster, Chilliwack, Seethers and 700 Mile House, B.C. A firm owned by Thompson (Toll) Group, a Winnipeg property developer with extensive interests in British Columbia, manages all the malls. As well, Charn's company was a partner in developing Chilliwack Centre Mall, which subsequently went bankrupt and was sold by the receiver to Morgan. Real estate experts believe that, with British Columbia forestry and mining industries depressed, the five malls are likely to yield increases in the range of between six and eight per cent over the next five years—

below normal pension fund expectations of roughly 12 to 15 per cent.

Charn's has been involved in six of the 10 BDC real estate deals. Norman Tan, a director and part owner of Aris Realty Corp. of Vancouver, has also figured in at least five of the deals. Real estate executives told Moskowitz that the Bell and Northern funds relied on certain pension funds to ensure a successful sale—a practice pension funds traditionally do not follow. "It is unusual," noted a Toronto real estate expert. "No institutional investor should have that close a relationship with a single agent. Northern had its own expertise."

The outside auditors examining the records of Bencor and the Northern Telecom fund may ultimately decide that the funds' affairs are in order. In the real estate marketplace, as in any other, a property is worth as much as a buyer will pay—and estimates of worth can vary widely on the basis of differing calculations of what the future may hold. If the auditors do determine that Bell pension fund money was spent responsibly, it would not be an unpleasant prospect for the company. But rather, it would be the 300,000 shareholders in BDC, the most widely held publicly traded company in Canada. The reason the company's pension are defined benefit plans which require an employer to make up for any shortfall.

Meanwhile, the Bell fund has been performing impressively, with an average annual growth of 25 per cent to the end of 1982, compared to an industry-wide average of 20 per cent. Performance scores for Northern's fund are closely guarded by the company. David Kendall, a vice-president and treasurer at Northern, would only tell Moskowitz: "There is nothing wrong with the way the pension plan is performing. It has met all of our objectives."

Still, in the aftermath of the events at Bell, some pension funds have begun to take a second look at their real estate portfolios. The Frings at Bencor, said Philip O'Brien, president of Montreal's Devonshire Inc., "have put a closer eye on what was a growing number of pension funds becoming involved in real estate. Other pension fund managers have become very cautious about real estate. They know their own future is at stake." But even if fund managers are feeling nervous, pension experts say they doubt that other major funds are encountering problems like BDC's. Said Donald Cook, research director with Toronto-based Gardner Capital Corp.: "This is not the tip of the iceberg."

—MARK MOSKOWITZ with ARIAN ROBERTS and JULIA ROBERTS in Toronto. BRUCE KALLACE in Montreal and BRUCE BODGEN in Vancouver.

## Art for investment's sake

By Peter C. Newman

A few years ago, two Vancouver entrepreneurs made a bet: Peter Candill, who runs one of the country's most successful mutual funds, became intrigued by the ability of Ron Langstaff, then executive vice-president of Canadian Print Products Ltd., to print paintings that increased exponentially in value. "Okay, Langstaff," he bet "I'll give you five grand, and you buy the same art—and I'll put \$3,000 into a stock for you. The guy who loses at the end of five years has to buy the other fellow the most expensive dinner he can think of."

Longstaffe promptly purchased a Picasso print for \$1,500, which eventually doubled in value, while Condit bought for Longstaffe shares in Credit Foncier, then listed at \$105. By the end of the wage period the shares were only worth \$75, so the two of them had a splendid dinner at Umberto's, and Condit paid the bill. He lost. But the story has a surprise ending.

That was back in 1961. In April of this year Cardiff donated the Picasso print (*Flores en Chapeas a Flores*) to the Vancouver Art Gallery and got back a tax receipt for \$19,500—more than five times the original price. Longstaffe, who is one of Canada's most knowledgeable art experts, insists that paintings should be bought only as very long-term investments, that there is a definite downside and that canvases are often not very liquid assets.

"It isn't always upward and upward," he points out. "You must wait five or even 10 years for a good price appreciation, unless of course you happen to find a Lauren Harris in your basement. Also, you need to have 'a good eye'—and most people who buy art as an investment don't—so you should probably hire a good consultant."

One of these art consultants, Georges Lomerger of Toronto, recently completed an unpublished but intriguing study on this country's public and private art collections, subtitled "The Tip of the Canadian Iceberg." A graduate of McMaster University in Hamilton, Ont., and a postgraduate student at the Sorbonne and at École du Louvre, Lomerger has become an ardent advocate of increased tax incentives that would help public galleries and museums multiply their collections. "With less and less money available

from the taxpayer for public galleries acquisitions, gifting of private collections has become increasingly important," he says. "There is a real need for more generous incentives. There have been 100-per-cent tax writeoffs for all companies, why not in culture?"

Lowermer points out that Canadian art has become a major financial commodity, with Tom Thomson sketches selling for as much as \$100,000 and current canvases by Alex Colville

portant is the Hooper-Pella-Vaughan private collection, which belongs to Murray Vaughan, retired chairman of British American Bank Note Inc., who has homes in Toronto and New Brunswick. As well as an Uttrila, a Monet and four Chanalettas, he and his wife, Margerita, have a number of canvases by Clarence Gagnon and James Willson. The latter is a Canadian artist who has to be Ken Thomson, who now lives 170 Kriehoff, most of which he hangs in his office in downtown Toronto. "One of the most interesting private collectors," Loaner reports, "is Max Herker of the Meridian Building Group, a Toronto development firm. His Max has at least 80 David Milne. Most part of a most remarkable collection."

Larner ranks the collection of French waterworks owned by Sissy Miller Eaton, widow of John David Eaton, as "the most personal and the most subtle I have seen in Canada." She owns, among other works, canvases by Picasso, Braque, Kandinsky, Pollock and Dufy. And Larner says item J8 McLean, founder of Canada Packers Inc., as this country's first corporate collector. He estimates that nearly three-quarters of art sales are now made to corporations, with Power Corp. of Canada in Montreal, the Belberrys and Teck Corp. in Vancouver and the Toronto-Dominion Bank, Imperial Oil Ltd. and Syntex in Mississauga leading the way.

Among the impressive private collections Lonsager has construed are those of Jake and Fay Loch, Mike Nichols, Jennings Young, Fred and Beverly Schaefer, W.A. Maxford, Mort Lesser, Gerald Schwartz, Donald Seely, Mark and Esperanza Schwartz, Sam Sarish, Peter Breafman, Walter Carnon, David Mirvish and David Cernobell.

Campbell, who owns OAG Communications Inc., which distributes most of the quotes of North America's 21 stock exchanges, has been collecting and donating works of art for almost 30 years. He considers it a great investment, but unlike some other Canadian donors who concentrate on metropolitan galleries, he has given away paintings to public galleries in Fredericton, Ontario and Kitchener. "Buying art is a pleasure, and over the long term it can be profitable," he says. "And over

Lebanon, a major financial commodity

fetching \$129,000. "But," he says, "you should really buy art because you love it, not just as a money-making venture." Of the many young artists making a reputation, Loewinger says that at least two—Joseph Amar and Klaus Dieter Grand, both of Toronto—are going to see the prices of their works significantly increase in the next

This study provides a rare public glimpse into Canada's hush-hush private art world. Probably the most in-



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# A harvest of homegrown dramas

**ANOTHER SEASON'S PROMISE**  
By Anne Chislett and Krithi Roshan  
Directed by Miles Potter

**DRIFT**  
By Rex Devereil  
Directed by Katherine Koussis

At first glance, the Blyth Festival would seem to have invented a formula for failure. The annual event not only takes place in a small southwestern Ontario vil-

lage, but also, *Promises* particularly sustains Blyth's reputation for drama that speaks eloquently of life outside Canada's cities.

The theme of *Promises* is a families' own suffering of the farm community in the face of falling prices, decreasing land values and high interest rates. But despite a certain anti-big-business populist slant, the real power of the play lies in the sympathy and humor with which Chislett and Roshan

man and an overgrown boy who is terrified of disappointing his mother, Grassy Purses (Margaret Barton). Fox rides between these two extremes in a stirring performance marked only by his tendency to grin. For her part, Araby Lockhart is almost flawless as his wife, Helen, who is driven to relying on tranquillizers. Barton is also outstanding as the doddering, eccentric Grassy. The rest of the cast is also impressive, creating a highly involving picture of a community struggling against the onslaught of big-city money and values.

Although *Promises*' focus on rural issues ultimately has a universal appeal, Devereil's *Drift* never fully escapes the convolutions of its author's mind. Devereil fails to penetrate the surface of the 1930s, the period in which his young West Indian heroine, Stone (Laurel Patta), immigrates to Canada. Devereil's inability to plumb the depths of Stone's tale is inadvertently symbolized by the play's other main character, The Writer (Daryl Shuckworth) (struggling to compose a novel about Stone, The Writer interrupts her constantly to ask about her life. His obsession fails to interest Stone, it nags the potential vitality of Stone's story.

Stone's setting occasionally redeems *Drift*'s static qualities. Patta gives Stone a thoughtful pride that contrasts effectively with the well-intentioned selfishness of her husband, Tom (Peter Smith). The best work in the production comes from the supporting cast, especially Heather Edden as Stone's lifelong friend Betty. The scene in which she offers to adopt Stone's new baby—on condition that she never be asked to return it—is the play's most over-the-top.

The remainder of the current Blyth season holds the hope of more powerful theatre. Later this month the company will mount *Lilly, Alibi*, a musical comedy by Kenneth Dylis, directed by Richard Shaw of Toronto's acclaimed Successory Angel Company. The season closes in August with a revival of Blyth's 1986 smash hit, *Coleville* by Colleen Curran, which hilariously details romance in a color-banking contest. If such productions rise to the level of Chislett's and Roshan's work, then another season's promise at the Blyth Festival will have been well fulfilled.

—JOHN FERGUSON



Lockhart and Barton speaking eloquently about life outside Canada's cities

lage three hours by car from Toronto, but it does consistently hit office workers by offering only homegrown Canadian plays. Yet last month Blyth launched its 12th season with no sign of faltering. Its success is based on the simple idea that the local farmers and cowboys who make up much of Blyth's potential audience will flock to see drama that concerns their own lives. Now, theatregoers elsewhere in Canada and even in the United States are discovering the fascination of some of Blyth's creations: this spring Anne Chislett's award-winning *Quest* in the Land was produced in New York. The festival's continuing rural focus is clear in the two plays that opened its 1996 season last month. *Another Season's Promise* by Chislett and Krithi

Roshan have drawn the Purses family. Led by father Ken (David Poo), the Purses are a bourgeois clan that has worked the same Huron County farm in southwestern Ontario for more than 40 years. Like most modern farmers, Ken is heavily in debt. But out of sheer pride he refuses to believe that he could ever lose his farm to his creditors. Indeed, he insists that neighbors of his who have failed are simply bad farmers. Finally, he realizes that he has relied too much on his own stubbornness and on the advice of bankers and government agricultural experts. It is too late; his beloved land is slipping irrevocably from his grasp.

The ambiguity of Ken's character is typical of the fine writing in *Promises*. He is at once a fiercely independent

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## Light fare for lazy days

Summer reading, like summer living, tends to be easy. The glare of the hot sun and the lulling sound of waves lapping against the shore lend themselves more to escapist books than to challenging literature. More often the hand reaches for the scandalous revelations of a celebrity autobiography, the rough pleasures of a murder mystery or the imaginative delights of science fiction and fantasy adventure. The new crop of summer books covers the gamut of light reading—but like a cool draught of rum punch, all of the titles share an ability to soothe the parched mind.

The beach and music have long been a favorite summer combination, so it is appropriate that one of the season's best nonfictionals is by a musician. **Papa John** (Doubleday, \$21.95) tells the story of John Phillips, founder and songwriter for the Mamas and the Papas—and of his meteoric rise up the rock charts and his blithely fall. At the peak of his career in the late 1960s, Phillips had it all: money, the stunning Michelle Phillips as his wife and a se-

crete niche in the glittering rock 'n' roll hierarchy. But in October, 1980, he was convicted of conspiracy to distribute drugs. Phillips' memoirs are rich with detail and candor, as when he describes his marauding drug binges with Rolling Stone guitarist Keith Richards. But Papa John is more than the sum of his sordid parts. Phillips' ability to weave his own turbulent life into the tapestry of the times burns his book into a spellbinding memoir.

On the other hand, Roger Vaden's autobiographical **Bardot, Deneuve, Fonda: My Life with the Three Most Beautiful Women in the World** (General Publishing, \$25.25) is less a chronicle of the times than it is a monument to the writer's ego. "I base my own weaknesses and faults," writes the 56-year-old French film director. "But I don't wish to talk about them." Instead, Vaden burns the secrets of his famous former lovers. In one of the book's most bizarre anecdotes, he recalls his first wife, Brigitte Bardot, summoning him to her bedroom during the filming of *The Night Heaven Fell*. He found

her in bed with one of the movie's costars—a denkey. He portrays actress Catherine Deneuve, who never married him but bore him a son, as a jealous woman who "proved to be a domestic tyrant and has remained so." And with a characteristic lack of modesty, he takes credit for arousing both the passion and political conscience of his third wife, American actress and social activist Jane Fonda. Bizarre rock relationships with these women, Vaden claims that he never raised a finger against them. But he has lifted his pen—and brushed their reputations.

For those who prefer suspense to sleazy personal reminiscences, the hard-boiled detective novel is a perennial favorite. The hero of Robert B. Parker's 13 mystery novels, a detective simply named Spenser, has a tough exterior and a soft heart. In Parker's latest book, **Taming A Sea-Horse** (Doubleday, \$22.95), the Boston-based sleuth takes on a mob-backed prostitution ring while investigating the disappearance of a young girl girl named April Kyle. With the usual brutal punch-ups and breezy punch lines, the book is a vintage Parker and will leave Spenser fans impatient for the next adventure.

Following in the footsteps of the latest novel, **Fool's Gold** (Collier Macmillan, \$17.95), also offers several hours of fast-paced entertainment. The

book marks the return of Wood's bilingual hero, Reid Bennett, the police chief of the fictional Ontario town, Murphy's Harbor, and his German shepherd, Sam. They investigate the death of Jim Frodherme, a geologist, near a small mining town on the north shore of Lake Superior. Frodherme, a mining company employee trying to stake out a claim in the gold-rich area, is found in the bush, apparently crushed to death by a bear. Roaring at his head bats and sharp claws, Bennett pits himself against club-wielding robbers and Mordred mads as he unravels a murderous plot to acquire a fortune in gold.

Just as Canadians are making inroads into detective fiction, they are exploring the possibilities of fantasy writing. **Bagdad** (Macmillan of Canada, \$17.95), the first of a projected two-book series by Kingston, Ont., native Ian Dennis, is an imaginative addition to a steadily growing list. At first glance, *Bagdad* seems to be directly de-



Vaden, Bardot, Deneuve anecdotes and aroused passion

rived from *The Thousand and One Nights*, the ancient Arabic cycle of folktales. But Dennis's story of a corrupt fictional kingdom, with its favored potentates and colorful street life, has a ribald humor and modern flavor all its own. In the opening pages, a character known as the Magistrate Man—the protector of the Caliph of Bagdad's orange trees—has been arbitrarily sentenced to death. He delays

his execution by telling a tale about a big merchant whose magical pipe enables him to cope with anger, sorrow and infatuation. When the pipe is pulled from the pocket of the Magistrate Man, he begs his counselor to prevent it in the Caliph as a gift. Immediately, the greedy hanger-on tries it himself—and dies horribly. Dennis's mixture of archaic conventions and language with a modern sensibility makes *Bagdad* an enjoyable journey through a strangely familiar terrain.

Veteran British science fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke guides his readers into the more alien territory of the future and outer space. **The Songs of Distant Earth** (Random House, \$16.95) opens in the year 3852, two centuries after the explosion of the sun has destroyed Earth. The story is set on the distant planet Thebana, where two expeditions sent from Earth during its last centuries encounter each other. Clarke's latest book is a complex tale that is difficult to put down. Like many other summer reading entertainments, it will transport readers into the distant reaches of their imaginations, making for many slinking hours in the sun.

—PETER GIFFIN with JESSA HENNETT, SHARON DOYLE DEDMON, MARY JANGMAN and ROBERT MILLER

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BOOKS

## Turning on with the CIA

ACID DREAMS: THE CIA, LSD AND  
THE SIXTIES REBELLION

By Martin A. Lee and Bruce Shlain  
(Random House, 314 pages, \$29.95)

Martin Lee has written investigative articles for *Andrew Young*; Bruce Shlain has appeared in the radical magazine *Mother Jones*. Their chronicle of the 1960s, *Acid Dreams*, views its subject through rose-tinted granny glasses. The book focuses on the cultural impact of psychedelic drugs, particularly lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD), and offers an exposé of CIA-sponsored drug experiments—including one conducted in Montreal. But aside from a few pointed digs at particularly venous aspects of the psychedelic subculture, the authors naively celebrate what was really an extended ally season for one limited sector of society.

Extravagant claims have been made for the potency of LSD, but few rival Lee's and Shlain's—that acid became a driving force of 1960s U.S. history. They credit it with inspiring everything from panicky Bushism to political radicalism. In place of social history, they offer cute anecdotes. When a Harvard faculty committee terminated a drug experiment program by psychology professor Timothy Leary, Leary remarked that "drugs apparently cause temporary insanity in many folks who have not taken them."

What *Acid Dreams* frames from being a mere compendium of 1960s trivia is a topical chapter about CIA mind-control experiments with LSD. The authors enrich the well-known story of the agency's activities at the Allen Memorial Institute in Montreal in the 1950s, where Dr. Edwin Cameron used LSD to disorient patients. His findings helped convince the CIA that LSD's effects were too unpredictable for it to be useful. Now Canadians are now using the U.S. government for \$1 million each, claiming that Cameron's experiments permanently affected their lives.

Lee and Shlain dwell long and lovingly on the irony that LSD, plaything of the hippies, was first embraced by some of society's most conservative elements. But they do not explain the coincidence. In the end, their book is just another trip—down memory lane.

—RICHARD WISSET

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# By the dawn's early hype

By Allan Fotheringham

Why the Americans felt it necessary to have 200 Elvis Presley clones vulgarize their Fourth of July ceremony in the Statue of Liberty in New York—the most over-hyped event since Rudolph Valentino died—is a mystery to a foreigner. There are advantages, if you must know, to being a Canadian. The main advantage, if you must know, is that on the birthday of this nation they do not drink out 200 clones of, say, Erik Nielsen. One Erik Nielsen, who was constructed out of ice and the music thrown away, is quite enough and please stop the manufacturing, thank you. Just as one Elvis Presley was quite enough for the infamous female glands of one generation and there aren't enough fathers around to cope with residents.

Canadians suffer from a certain constipation of patriotism when it comes to high national events, but it perhaps is to be preferred over liberty peddled with guns and freedom equated with french fries.

The New York weekend, supposedly inspired by the 100th anniversary of the Lady of Liberty, whose lamp led the immigrants in from their queasy Atlantic crossings, moved beyond sentiment to shame. Lee Iacocca, who is trying to ride his role as the fond father of the resurgence of the station into a presidential nomination, tapped the scales for lack of class. Among the 25,000 craft in New York harbor, with all the sail ships from around the world and all the foreign warships officially released by President Reagan, there was the Queen Elizabeth 2, loaned by Iacocca for a free drink for 800 glistening Chrysler salesmen. The symbol of liberty becomes a car-lot gimmick. Give us your benches, your pews, your disposition . . . with an eye down payment in friendly monthly terms. With white sedewalla to match.

There wasn't a single tacky piece of junk left out of the New York exercise in tackiness. From Liberty spoons to Allan Fotheringham in a colonnade for Southern Trust.

plates to Liberty flashlights shaped like the torch, to Liberty yo-yos and aprons and Frisbees and six-foot-high plastic Liberty statues for \$250, the great and exploitation signs supreme as 15 million people—half the population of this humble land—indulged in a weekend of excess. It's the American way go past the front. Hole it up. Bring in the hucksters. Road in the pubescent. The liberty is making a buck out of the whole thing.

Americans see nothing wrong in all this. It is permissible to make a profit on anything, from selling insurance to

sin in Iniquity, have now become the new Cal. Sleeps, but in a new context, sniggering and posturing, at the Los Angeles Olympics becoming almost obligatory in their lack of gracefulness in any designer who had the misfortune to finish second.

It's all due to the law of physics, as we know with every action there is a reaction. The American public has been on a downer for too long. A very prudent assumption, another revealed as a crack, the country harried by having to sink out of Vietnam as an undeclared war it could never win, the darkest but wisest Jiminy Carter having made a fool of by Iran, the Japanese becoming the new meat guys of merchandising.

So there's a reason for the excess. The too much girls, the too much hope, the too much school. Bob Hope as a famous immigrant. Henry Kissinger as a famous immigrant. It helps, if you're going to be a tolerable immigrant, to be a millionaire and a celebrity.

The Canadian experience is different. The early immigrants to Canada, most of them, came from Scotland and are now mostly vice-presidents of banks. No one wishes to chase them, especially their wives. We are now a melting pot. In our society, the Hopes and the Kissingers really don't get together. The reason the Brubeck Quartet speak to the Pierre Berton is because each family has a child who is married to the other and they share a grandchild. The reason the Peter Onorato speak to the Barbara Frum is more to do with OBC politics than Canadian nationalism.

Canada is not so much a country of warring sections as it is a nation of wary pockets of personalities. Americans get down and wallow in their belief that there is only one country in the world. They treat holidays such as July Fourth as if they were the only nation in history to have anniversaries. Canadians know there are a number of others out there, but they are content with their own lot. There are a number of disadvantages in the attitude. Use of them is not worrying for display 500 replicas of Tanya Hunter.

selling drugs, and it follows that milking the most taxing holiday they have had in 100 years is perfectly okay, part of the American way. Prescribing free enterprise is what has got the world's richest nation where it is today and why should the principles stop on an occasion that was supposed to commemorate all the poor people who came? They're not poor any longer, so why not let the bank be their symbol on this big day?

Canadians do things in a quieter way, which may be why other countries look used in our face. There used to be the 26th of May, the Queen's birthday. That was officially the first day to go swimming, take in a baseball tournament and watch the fireworks that seemed non-exploding after dark and, in a small town, an entrepreneur as the "world's largest, best ever" spectacular off the lungs in New York waters last weekend.

Canadians, writ small, take their patriotism in small doses. Americans, who have succeeded 19th-century Brit-



"I've got my fingers crossed."



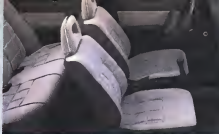
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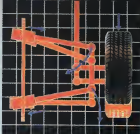
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